REFLECTIONS ON THE FIFTIES, BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Saturday Review

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The New Revolution in Science

THE SEARCH FOR INTELLIGENT LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS

By John Lear

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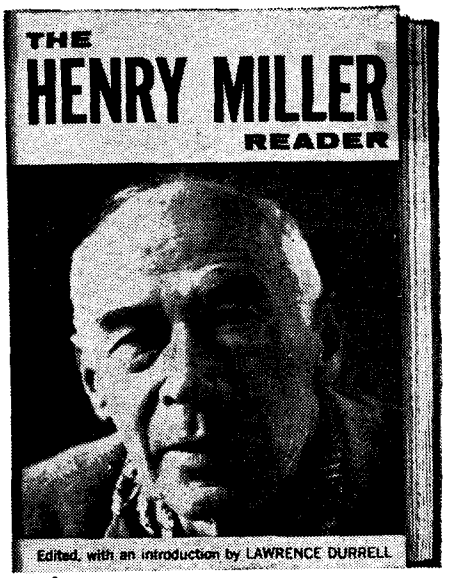

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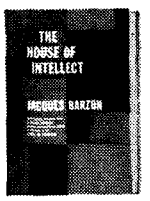

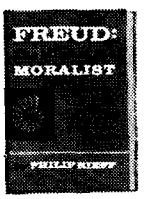

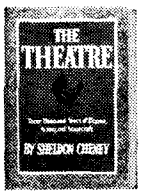

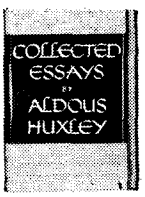

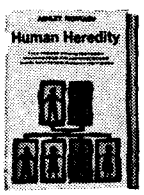

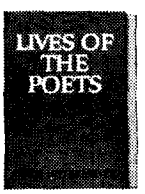

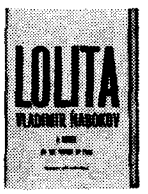

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Chess Corner–28

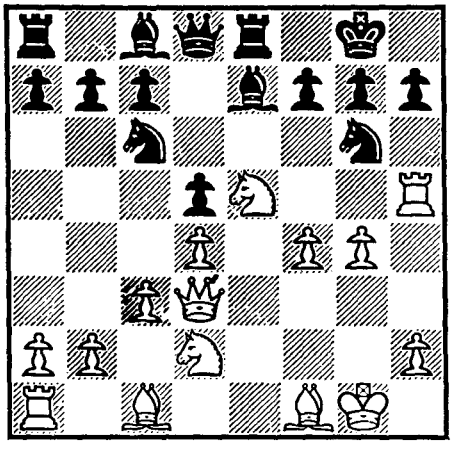
BY its very nature, the chess trap is a form of combination. As a rule, it consists of the offer of a baited unit—anything from a Pawn to a Queen dipped in poison. More often than not, the trap is supported by a play on the adversary's predatory instincts and hope and a prayer. When the adversary sees through the ruse, the trapper is likely hoist by his own petard. In contrast, the solid combination may embrace some form of trap, but only as one of its facets.

Whether or not the offer is accepted, it is fundamentaly sound. In the game below, White redeploys a Knight to a better square. In doing so, however, he must necessarily put it *en prise*. It never reaches its destination, for Black reasons a Knight is a Knight. So it is, but so also a mate is a mate. The Knight and the mate go hand in hand.

RUY LOPEZ

A. W. Fox: White
Bauer: Black

1 P-K4	P-K4	9 P-QB3	P-Q4
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	10 Q-Q3	R-K1
3 B-N5	N-B3	11 P-KB4	N-Q3
4 O-O	NxP	12 R-K3	N-R4?
5 R-K1	N-Q3	13 N-Q2	N-B4
6 NxP	B-K2	14 R-R3	N-R5
7 B-B1	O-O	15 P-KN4	N-N3
8 P-Q4	N-B4	16 R-R5	N-B3



17 QN-B4 .....

The move has a distinct air of innocence, and it is, indeed, difficult to determine its purpose. The Knight is headed for K3, where it bolsters the wing demonstration. But what happens when the Knight is captured?

17	PxN	19 NxNP!!	PxN
18 QxN!!	RPxQ	20 BxPch	K-B1

21 R-R8 mate

—AL HOROWITZ

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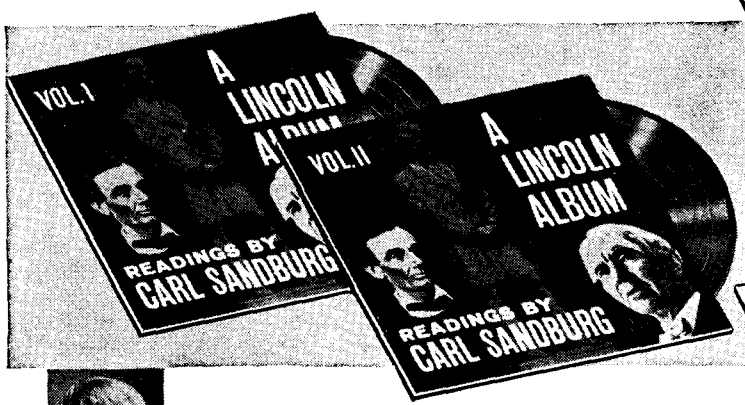

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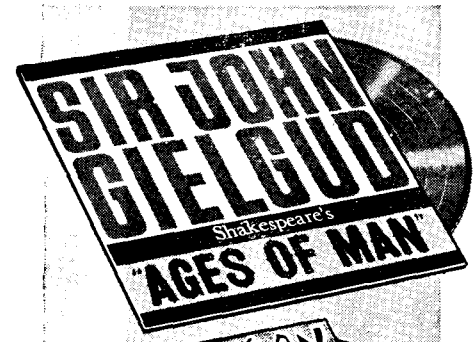

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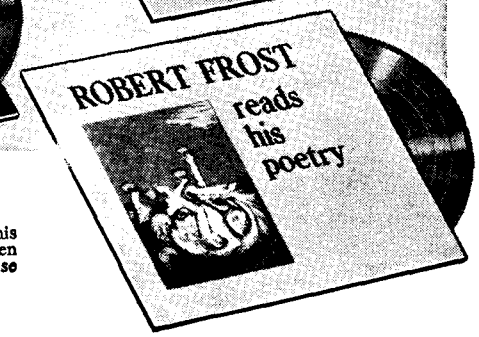

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TRADE Winds

YOU MIGHT NOT remember it, but on Sunday, September 13, of this year, a glaring headline in the *New York Herald Tribune* screamed in bold, black letters:

RUTGERS HEAD CALLS NEW JERSEY ALMOST DEVOID OF CULTURE

Quoting Dr. Mason W. Gross of that institution, the AP dispatch went on to say that the good doctor had referred to the Garden State as "educationally impoverished and . . . culturally almost bankrupt."

Such a statement is not to be taken lightly, and armed with a copy of the clipping, we made our way gingerly to the Hoboken Ferry just to see how New Jersey was taking to this indictment some months afterward.

We found the ferry, sprightly and limber, puffing away at the foot of New York's Barclay Street, and clinched snugly to its primordial dock, hunching its decks against a dozen rumbling trucks and very few passengers. Inside the Victorian gingerbread ticket office on the New York side, a barrage of posters petitioned the public to buy Schenley Whiskey, drink Rheingold Beer, and read Pat Boone's latest articles on how to be popular. Was this, we wondered, the culture which Dr. Gross was fostering when he said, later in the clipping, that New Jersey would have to stop depending on New York to provide cultural enrichment? Our decision would have to wait until we reached Hoboken.

NO PASSPORT WAS NEEDED, we found; only a 25¢ coin and a nod to the ticket taker. Once aboard the SS *Maplewood,* which was the name of our ship, we took sharp note of the first sign of culture: No Smoking. There was certainly nothing wrong with this warning, and it seemed to be the first chink in the doctor's premise. The language of the sign was direct and earthy, perfectly grammatical.

IT WAS A FROSTY FORENOON, and out on the decks a gentleman in a battered navy blue overcoat was staring at the Statue of Liberty and mumbling: "We can't get on the sun, so why should we try to get on the moon?" The wind drove us back in the cabin before we had time to learn more about this hypothesis, and before we knew it, the Lackawanna Railroad yards were looming up ahead on the Jersey shore, appearing neither cultured nor uncultured; merely functional. Kicking up its heels as it came out of the Hoboken slip was the SS *Scranton,* sister ship of the *Maplewood,* and looking neutral about the whole question.

THE FIRST BILLBOARD to greet us on the Hoboken slip was a poster for "My Fair Lady," next to another one asking the ferry people and their passengers to read about the "secret of the gra-

cious heart" in the new *Reader's Digest.* Next to these was a florist shop, and altogether these omens seemed more than a match for the New York advertising entreaties of whiskey, beer, and Pat Boone.

Coming out of the Jersey ticket office, we were at somewhat of a loss as to where to begin our survey, when a sign promptly caught our eye reading: "Duke's House," complete with a ladies' entrance. Sitting along the docks and waterfront, it would at least offer some kind of jumping-off point on this enlightenment checkup.

AT THE BAR was a handful of dockmen, dressed in perfectly acceptable and stoutly made work clothes, fully cultured enough for the job. The bartender and a waiter were poring over a headline in the *New York Daily News:*

SLEW BARMAID WOOER ADMITS

The bartender looked up with contempt on his face.

"That's New York for you," he said. "And what's your pleasure, sir?" We ordered a small beer and a package of Bon Ton Saratoga chips, both of which were amply cultural for us. Meanwhile, the cluster of dockmen were talking in civil and quiet tones, with only an occasional swear word to salt their conversation. (Nothing which Chaucer wouldn't have used, we were thinking.) In one corner, the television set was blaring with a highly uncultural program (emanating from New York). A TV hostess was imploring the general audience, including the barman, dockmen, and ourselves, to use new Pink Angel Skin, and hardly exporting to New Jersey anything which would be properly called cultural enrichment, as the news item I read had mentioned.

By this time, we were beginning to take a definitely antagonistic attitude toward Dr. Gross's entire postulate. Had he come and broken bread with these gentlemen at Duke's House? Had he watched the TV program New York was shipping out to them as culture? Had he tasted the cheese from the lunch counter?

What if the waiter did dwell a little too long on the story in the *News* about a New York cop who had just been bitten and scratched by three girls in the Bronx? Wasn't violence and passion an integral part of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Julius Caesar," "Othello," and a thousand other classics? We went right along with the waiter who complained about the New York cop: "New York's finest gets beat up by girls! Pretty good, hey?"

NEXT TO US, a longshoreman was lamenting the fact that this wasn't a payday evening.

"You oughta be around here pay night, Buddy," he said. "Great night. Everything goes."

He nodded toward his companion. "When him and I get going, no telling what will happen."

We showed him the headline of the clipping, asked him what he thought about it. "You know the whole bit, Buddy," he continued. "Reason we don't build more libraries and schools is that the politician boys are out there grabbing anything they can get. Every time they build one, they make enough off it to build themselves a house bigger than the school they put up. So what happens? We pay out enough for a good school—and get back half a one. Is that economics?"

WE WERE INTRODUCED to a gentleman by the name of George, who quickly agreed with the devoid-of-culture premise. "It's right," he said. "Unfortunately, it's too damn right. We have no complete symphony, no big art museum, no real state university, nobody goes to our historical places because they aren't publicized enough, and we cater to people's material tastes through places like Asbury Park and Atlantic City—while we tell their esthetic tastes to jump in the river. The guy's a hundred per cent right."

It turned out that George was now the manager of Duke's House, and he worried as much about the cultural picture as he did about the possible future demise of the neighboring Hoboken ferry.

We learned from him that Duke's Place was founded in 1872 by the Duke of Calabritto de St. Germain, an exiled member of one of Italy's most aristocratic families. The Duke, who

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had been banished as a result of supporting Garibaldi, embarked on travels that took him through Central and South America, and finally ended up at Hoboken's Napoleon Hotel (named after Louis Napoleon, who had taught school in Hoboken). He took over Duke's House in the 1870s, and in the late 1800s it became known as the Delmonico's of Hoboken. George Seville, the present manager, had taken the place over in 1934, went through two fires within ten years of each other, and hopes there will be no more.

"Here's a clipping about the old Duke," he said, and handed us a battered 1886 clipping on the Duke's demise. "Dear Old Dukey!" it read. "If ever there was a real born gentleman, he was one. . . . Tall and commanding, he was broad-shouldered, erect, *with a comfortably intellectual face.*" (The italics are ours, as a cultural footnote.)

We thanked Mr. Seville for his information, and got ready to leave. Before we did, he handed us a card which read: "Member of the Association of University Professors," and it designated Mr. Seville as a full member in good standing. He had received, it turned out, his B.S. at Manhattan University, his Master's at N.Y.U., a certificate in psychology at Cornell, and is now retired from teaching. He is working at present on his doctorate at N.Y.U., with a thesis entitled: "The Derivation of Demonstrations in College Biology Which Will Stimulate Problem-Solving Responses."

WE HAD TIME for only a quick snack at Zoe's Restaurant next door, but their veal cutlet parmegiana (fully cultural) was delicious, and half the price you would pay in New York. At the counter also was a bearded gentleman reading James Joyce, and a waitress thanked us courteously for a very modest tip.

We made our way back in the Hudson Tubes to cultural New York, confident that we'd never find a hostelry founded by an aristocratic Italian nobleman, and managed by a full-fledged member of the Association of University Professors.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1344)

Samuel E. Morison:
JOHN PAUL JONES

No officer in the Navy was more considerate of his crew than Jones, or kept them in better health. There are many complaints on record against Captain Jones, but not one about food. This I regard as significant since food is the first thing sailors growl about.

IRST OF THE MONTH

land Amory

ALL IN ALL, it was a good year for Walter Alston, Leonard Bernstein, Ingmar Bergman, Billy Casper, Fabian, Harry Golden, Moss Hart, Hal Holbrook, Yves Montand, Sam Newhouse, Walter O'Malley, Anne Rasmussen, and the Kennedy boys—and it was a bad year for Maria Callas, Harry Conover, Louis Cowan, Dan Enright, Jimmy Hoffa, Earl Long, Mickey Mantle, Charles Revson, Charles Van Doren, and the Crosby boys.

It was also, however, judging by the new "Celebrity Register," a good year for celebrities in general. This book, published in December by a publisher who had never published a book before (Earl Blackwell of Celebrity Service), became, within a few days of publication, and at a price of $26 the copy, the most talked about—and squawked about—book since the Kinsey Report. And the late Dr. Kinsey was, after all, confined by the nature of his subject to two editions. The new "Register," on the other hand—judging by the demand of those out to be in and the demand of those in to be out—has almost limitless possibilities.

• • •

Among other things, "Celebrity Register" established several "firsts" in the book business. It was the first book ever to be published which did not give away a single free copy (even the stockholders and officers of the new company pay for their own books)—and, even more extraordinarily, did not even offer books for review. (Many publishers give away as many as 2,000 review and free copies which the new company simply could not afford.) Despite this, the book had more attention, from the press and TV, etc., than any other new book.

It was also the first book to publish without having the slightest idea of how it was going to be sold. The size of the staff prohibited an extensive mail campaign, and at first the only outlets assured were Tiffany's (it was the first book to be sold there in the store's history), Neiman-Marcus, "21," and the Stork Club. All of these, while admittedly sound, were hardly the answer to mass distribution, and the day before publication (when, incidentally, for the first time we had a completed book in our hands) we paid a call on Miss Lillian Friedman at Brentano's. Miss Friedman took a careful look at the book, then promptly ordered 400 copies—and the die was cast. Almost immediately, bookstore after bookstore began stocking the book, all across the country. We ourselves, as editor-in-chief, had made the book's first sale.

• • •

Our actual publication day, December 14, also presented a problem. With no reviews, no releases, not even being listed anywhere, how would anybody even know it was "out"? This too was handled in a unique way. Mr. Sherman Billingsley at the Stork Club decided to give a party, to which everybody in the book—all 2,240 of them—was invited. And it turned out to be one of the most remarkable parties in history—one which paired off, among other couples, Marianne Moore and Antonino Rocca, Father La Farge and Jolie Gabor, Jim Farley and Merle Oberon, Gertrude Ederle and Charles Boyer, George Fielding Eliot and Eddie Condon, Max Eastman and Red Buttons.

One reason, of course, for the success of the "Celebrity Register" is that besides offering a new kind of biography (authoritative but not "authorized"), it is also riding an updraft of deep-seated resentment against the old "Social Register"—which, for these times, aside from a certain basic anti-Semitism and a curious distaste for theatrical prominence, makes little sense except in the sense of not making any. In contrast to the old "Social Rigidster," for example, the new "Celebrated Stir" boasts such "families" as the Adlers (Buddy, Larry, Luther, Mortimer, and Polly), the Douglases (Donald W., Helen Gahagen, Secretary James H., Jr., Kirk, Lewis, Melvyn, Paul H., and William O.), the Harrises (Bucky, Jed, Julie, Phil, and Roy), the Kellys (Emmett, Gene, Nancy, and Walt) and the Moores (Archie, Garry, Henry, Marianne, Terry, and Victor). There are plenty of Smiths (Betty, C.R., H. Allen, Howard K., Kate, Lillian, Margaret Chase, Oliver, Red, Robert Paul, and Walter Bedell) as well as Joneses (Bobby, James, Jennifer, and Spike), but there is also a remarkable change from the old Social Register in regard to, say, the Adamses (Cedric, Edie, Franklin P., Sherman, Charles, and Dawn), the Gardners (Ava, Ed, Erle Stanley, and Hy), the Morgans (Henry, Jane, and Michele) not to mention the Whites (E. B., Josh, Paul Dudley, T. H., Theodore, Thomas, and William L.) or the Williamses (Emlyn, Esther, G. Mennen, Harrison, Ted, Tennessee, and William Carlos).

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Saturday Review
JANUARY 2, 1960

REFLECTIONS ON THE FIFTIES

Soon the nation's colleges will be mailing out those questionnaires which invite graduates to list their chief interests and activities during the previous ten years. One wonders how many questionnaire-answering alumni, looking back over the Bomb-haunted, anxious, prosperous decade just past, will be tempted to echo the Abbé Sieyès, who when asked what he did during the French Revolution, replied: "I survived." For the Fifties seem a period of paradox. In America, the decade was one of egregious prosperity, of the engraved name on the door and the thick carpet on the floor; yet the psychiatrists' couches were heavily populated, and good men shivered before the chill winds of political orthodoxy. Why the ambivalence? The following article is the first in a series dealing with retrospect and prospect. Joseph Wood Krutch, an Editor-at-Large of SR, and author of "Human Nature and the Human Condition," deals here with the Fifties in retrospect.

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

TO THOSE (and they are many) who still have faith in American progress as we are accustomed to measure it, the Fifties must have fulfilled expectations.

All the accepted indices continued to rise. Population increased at an accelerated rate; houses arose to shelter it; food continued to be produced in more than adequate amounts. Cities grew and roads were built as well as rebuilt. The national income and the average income rose. Production per man-hour increased and the work-week shortened. The average (and less fortunately, perhaps, the above-average) man had more television sets and more free hours in which to watch them.

The only threat to prosperity seemed to be that our citizens could not be persuaded to spend enough and waste enough. At one point it threatened to falter but the threat soon vanished and confirmed us in the belief that ours really is that New Era the Twenties so firmly believed in. Prosperity, we now think, is not automatic (as the Twenties believed) but is, nevertheless, "controllable" if you have the economic as well as the technological knowhow.

No new technological development was quite so revolutionary as the preceding decade's great gift to mankind: atomic fission. Still, the bombs did get bigger and more destructive so rapidly that the little one which wiped out Hiroshima now seems as quaint as a Model T, and the sudden appearance of one Sputnik after another was proof enough that we are still in an age capable of accomplishing the impossible. Automation promised soon to make it unnecessary for men to work and electric brains promised to relieve them of the possibly more burdensome task of thinking.

Among the minor but nevertheless significant accomplishments of the decade should be mentioned the appearance of the first power-driven swizzle-sticks (which were duly advertised in the class magazines) and, in the midst of a mechanized world, the touch of old-fashioned glamor provided by Miss Grace Kelly when she became the very first American ever to marry a ruling prince. International amity was increased not only by the visit of Khrushchev but also by the world-wide recognition of a new ideal of the eternally feminine as represented by Brigitte Bardot. Congressional investigation of quiz shows revealed that even scandals grow bigger and better. As for that campaign against prudery and puritanism of which many of us still living remember the earliest beginnings, it was by the end of the Fifties so completely triumphant that the most recent work of our most talented playwright had a castration as its climax and one of our best-selling novels concerned the reciprocal seductions of an experienced satyr and a sub-adolescent nymphomaniac. Thanks to the latter work "nymphet" became, along with "Sputnik" and "beatnik," the most significant addition to the vocabulary, and only a few noted that the Russian derivation of the two last might signal a shift of the center of cultural gravity from the West to the East.

A few scientists like the Messrs. Oppenheimer and Pauling suggested that it might be wise to ask where we are going rather than merely "How fast can we get there?" but they were in a minority. Eight other leading scientists (including two Nobel Prizewinners) agreed to celebrate the centenary of Seagram's whiskey by looking into the future. The event was not without significance just as an example of cooperation between science and commerce but it is even more revealing when one considers the nature of the blessings which the scientists promised to confer: vegetable steaks, mail delivery from satellites, recreational resorts on space platforms, and machines which will abolish all labor.

If we manage to survive we may really get all these boons; and, significantly, even among those of us who feel that the "if we survive" is a very large "if" indeed, a great many assume that such blessings are those which it would be most worth while to have, that they ought to be sufficient to make mankind say at last, "Life is good."

Nevertheless there is an aspect of the Fifties which future historians (supposing that there are any) may judge quite as significant as either technological advance or the warnings of a minority among those who are helping (sometimes rather reluctantly) to promote it. It is this: the gap between those who find the spirit of the age congenial and those who do not seems to have grown wider and wider.

NO DOUBT the philosopher, the social critic, and the poet often refuse to "go along" wholeheartedly with the ideals, dominant aims, and judgments of their society but it is surely not usual for them to dig a gulf as wide as that

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which, during the Fifties, separated art, literature, and abstract thought from what seemed to be the main stream of the age. If "progress" was still the key word and the key concept for the majority of Americans, "alienation" was widely accepted as the key word and the key concept for an increasing number of intellectuals and artists. While the one group hurried eagerly forward, the other rejected both what has been achieved and, often, all hope of anything which might be.

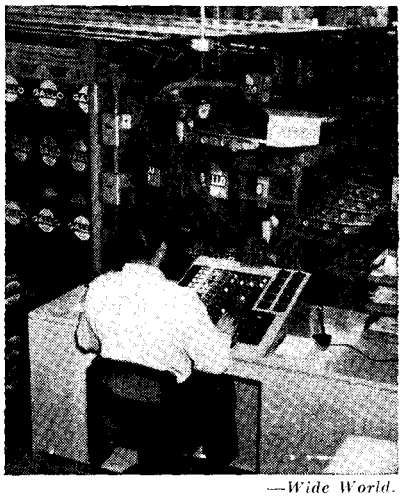
"Modern" poetry, "modern" art, and "modern" music no doubt won a larger audience than they had in the Forties but they did not do so by moving any closer to the comprehension or concern of the majority, to whom they still remain a closed book. They got their larger audience by detaching an increased number of persons from that majority and thus increasing the tension rather than promoting harmony or even comprehension between the "adjusted" majority and the now more numerous "alienated." Poetry became, if anything, more "difficult" and esoteric; music less accessible except to aficionados; painting more "abstract." In literature the existentialist and the beatnik provoked the most discussion, but neither could be called anything but merely disruptive. During the Twenties a Sinclair Lewis invited Main Street to mend its ways by berating it in terms which it could understand. But the modern novels most discussed in advanced circles during the Fifties are nihilistic. They speak a language which those who now get their ideas from Madison Avenue rather than Main Street cannot understand and they preach despair rather than, as Lewis did, the benefits of a culture accessible to all who want it.

If we assume that the boasted alienation of the intellectual and the artist does not mean simply (as the alienated themselves seem sometimes to think) the end of everything, then it may foreshadow either of two opposite developments. It may mean that the artist and the philosopher are indeed on the way out as significant elements in the life of mankind and that what the Fifties witnessed was simply their death agony and the final failure of an approach to life which will be completely forgotten in the purely rational, material, and scientific "culture" now evolving. Conceivably, on the other hand, it may mean just the opposite, namely that the world of science and engineering, of Madison Avenue and the usual ideas of progress, is coming to an end either by self-destruction or in response to the protest of an outraged humanity whose despair will vanish when the world ceases to violate it. The Fifties have given no clear indication which

Fifties in Flashback

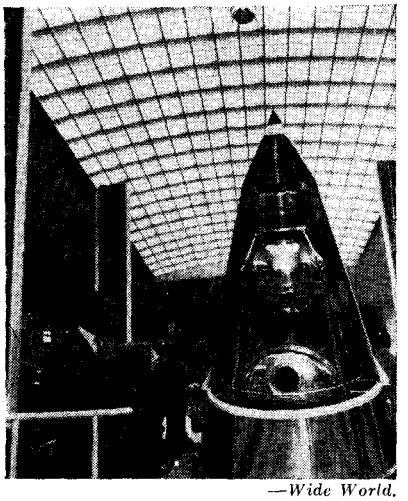
—*Wide World.*

Congressional Committees worked overtime.



—*Wide World.*

Automation promised play-time.



—*Wide World.*

Sputnik made the dictionaries.

—PIX

Modern art won larger audiences.

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outcome is the more likely to occur.

If the technician and the existentialist seem to have been living in worlds so completely discontinuous that no communication between them was possible, the less esoteric "social critics" did succeed in making some contact with those who directed the institutions under attack. Thus Madison Avenue took the critics of advertising seriously enough to answer them, and the dominant school of "educators" was, for the first time in a generation, compelled to defend rather than merely to take for granted the neglect of "basic education" in the interests of "life adjustment," "the normal child," etc. At the same time, criticism of "conformity" became so prevalent that nonconformists were, with some show of reason, accused of merely practicing a new conformity of their own.

Obviously, then, the accomplishments, the methods, and the ideals of those ruling our society did not go entirely unchallenged. The Fifties was an ideological battle ground. But the outcome is still dubious and the question whether or not the attacks will have any large permanent effect remains open. How deep will the proposed reforms in education go? Was the "hate Detroit" movement (as one automobile manufacturer called it) significant as at least a symbol of a real revolt against the whole insane tendency to regard "bigger" (also "faster," "costlier," etc.) as necessarily "better" or was it merely one of fashion's trivial shifts and no more significant than the rise and fall of hemlines and waists? Though Madison Avenue did deign to take notice of its critics it was not apparent that advertising either changed its methods or lost any of its power. Television was so little affected that it elaborated during the decade the most grandiose and unequivocal swindle ever perpetrated in the whole history of the medicine show —of which institution, rather than the theatre, it is an extension. At the same time "popular culture" got so much (often favorable) attention from one section of the intelligentsia that it seemed as likely to convert the highbrow as to be reformed by him.

As juvenile delinquency continued to rise it was more and more discussed. Here and there individuals timidly raised the question whether the increasing lawlessness and violence of teenagers did not cast some doubts upon the attempts to deal with it by "modern" methods based upon "understanding" and the assumption that since "society" was responsible, the individual could not justifiably be held to account. Juveniles themselves were prompt to proclaim themselves merely the product of their environment and even to remind law enforcement officers that, as juveniles, they were specifically exempt from the normal legal penalties no matter how "adult" the crimes themselves seemed to be. But in the case of this particular problem also, it is still uncertain whether any fundamental change in the approach will actually be made or whether the majority will continue to agree that (as one of a band of teen-agers arrested for vandalizing a grave "just for kicks" recently complained): "Adults don't understand the problems of the juvenile."

OBVIOUSLY (to put all this in another way) the decade of the Fifties was aware of many unanswered questions, both detailed and more inclusive, but it gave no clear answer to any of them. Despite its almost obsessive concern with "security" it felt desperately insecure. The decade seemed to bring no nearer any new Age of Confidence like that to which it looked back incredulously, but which had seemed to those who lived in it before World War I the natural and permanent result of the answers—scientific, moral, and political—which the nineteenth century had given. Not a few of the most searching minds of the Fifties were uncertain whether our world was, in fact, poised between two worlds, one dying and the other only temporarily powerless to be born, or whether it had reached an impasse beyond which no new civilization could even be hoped for. If the most notable achievements of the decade turn out to be merely bigger bombs and smaller automobiles, then history (again supposing that there is to be any) will not consider its contributions very great.

"Agonizing reappraisal," a phrase first applied to a specific situation, was found so generally apt that it became among intellectuals a cliché which by itself reveals a state of mind. But there are at least some who believe that if the Fifties seem to have accomplished comparatively little it is because too few who believed that they were asking fundamental questions went on to ask others still more fundamental, but continued instead to accept premises which made searching inquiry impossible.

Most people supposed, for example, that they were raising an ultimate question when they debated Communism *vs.* liberal democracy as it exists in the United States. Yet, however important certain differences between the two systems may be and however preferable one may be to the other, the fact remains that the kinds of Good Life which each promises have a great deal in common. Both accept power, wealth, and the standard of living as the chief tangible evidences of success or failure and both accept much the same theories of human nature (the chief difference lying in the greater clarity and rigidity with which the Communists formulate them). Both tend, that is to say, to assume that man is the product of society, that his nature and his condition can both be improved only through the improvement of social conditions, and that, given material welfare, men will inevitably become more intelligent, more moral, and more cultured. The dispute between them tends to become merely a dispute over the question of which system is most likely to produce the kind of society both aim at.

If you believe that there is something more than mere sentimentality in the charge that American life (indeed, the life in all "developed" countries) is materialistic, conformist, and increasingly barbaric in its indifference to any culture except that of TV, the movies, and jazz; if you believe that all the money spent on schools has not provided a good education and that juvenile delinquency is by no means confined to "the underprivileged"; if you believe all that, then you can hardly avoid asking, not only whether democracy or Communism will in the end be most successful in providing a high standard of living for all, but also whether the pursuit of a high standard of living is actually the chief end of man. Even if it is a *sine qua non* of the Good Life it may not be the one thing necessary.

PERHAPS the "agonizing reappraisal" so often recommended has not been profound enough, however agonizing it may have been. And perhaps it would be worth while to look at some of the most fundamental questions of our times, and see whether there is any sign that anyone began to ask them during the Fifties.

The fundamental answers which we have on the whole made, and which we continue to accept, were first given in the seventeenth century by Francis Bacon, Thomas Hobbes and René Descartes, and were later elaborated and modernized by Marx and the Darwinians. These basic tenets of our civilization (in chronological but not quite logical order) are: 1) the most important task to which the human mind may devote itself is the "control of nature" through technology (Bacon); 2) man may be completely understood if he is considered to be an animal, making predictable reactions to that desire for pleasure and power to which all his other desires may by analysis be reduced (Hobbes); 3) all animals (man excepted) are pure machines (Descartes); 4) man, Descartes notwithstanding, is also

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an animal and therefore also a machine (Darwin); 5) the human condition is not determined by philosophy, religion, or moral ideas because all of these are actually only by-products of social and technological developments which take place independent of man's will and uninfluenced by the "ideologies" which they generate (Marx).

Perhaps none of these answers to fundamental questions was given in quite so simple a form by the thinker to whom it is here attributed. Perhaps the assent given to them is more explicit and unqualified among Communists than among even left-wing liberals of the West. But at the very minimum they haunted the imagination and influenced the thinking even of those most disturbed by their implications.

To insist that these commonly accepted answers should be reexamined is not necessarily to deny that some of them served for a time as useful working principles. Marxism led to a recognition of the social factors which do indeed influence moral ideas and conduct. The assumption that all living creatures are machines did lead to a better understanding of the human mechanism. Darwinism did furnish the key to many secrets. Baconianism is responsible for all that is good as well as most that is evil in a technologically advanced civilization. But useful working principles outlive their usefulness. And just as the time came when a complete acceptance of Newtonian physics would have made further understanding of the physical world impossible, so a refusal to question Baconianism, Hobbism, Darwinism, and the rest makes it impossible to deal with the problems to which an uncritical acceptance of them has led.

Nevertheless a majority, even of the thoughtful, refuse to recognize (to take specific examples) that still greater production will not guarantee a better life; that a refusal to recognize the moral responsibility of the individual cannot solve the problem of juvenile delinquency; and, perhaps most important of all, that the invention of a device which may annihilate the human race proves that our boasted "control of nature" is so much an illusion that we have no idea how to control a phenomenon far more dangerous than any previous threats.

We have reached the end of an epoch because the accepted answers to the most fundamental questions created a situation bristling with problems which cannot be solved in the terms those answers prescribe. Unless we can to some extent modify them the end of an epoch may also be the end of a world.

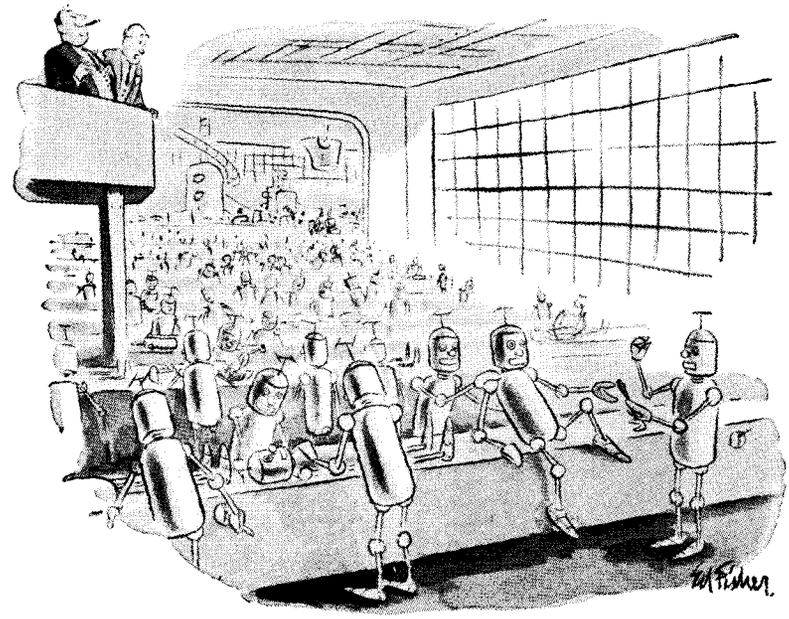
ent, if any, did the decades recognize the possibility of applying the answers upon the basis of which the good and bad of our world have been constructed? Paradoxically enough, the most radical revisions were those that continued to be made by the physicists who explicitly rejected the whole concept of a rigidly and mechanically predictable universe. While they were doing so, sociologists, psychologists, and even biologists often seemed unaware that by doing so the physicists had knocked the props from under the now old-fashioned premises of the science of life and the science of man which had rested largely upon the picture of the physical universe now abandoned by those whose special field of competence it is.

THE extent to which these latter were willing either to draw conclusions outside the field of physics or even to admit that such conclusions might legitimately be drawn varied from individual to individual. But it is surely of great possible significance that during the closing year of the decade Harvard's P. W. Bridgman, a Nobel Prizewinner and one of the most distinguished of living physicists, should have published a long, closely reasoned, and difficult book ("The Way Things Are") in which he renounced his previous convictions to declare that he no longer believed sociology, ethics, esthetics, or even biology to be subjects which can be profitably studied by the "positive" methods borrowed from the physical sciences. Thus he reaffirmed precisely what three centuries had tended increasingly to doubt—namely our mysterious, incommensurable humanness.

Though sociologists and psychologists may on the whole have tended to cling most stubbornly to traditional attitudes, not all of either did so and some biologists and anthropologists quite explicitly rejected century-old orthodoxies in such popular books as "The Universe and You," by McGill's geneticist N. T. Berrill, and "The Immense Journey," by Pennsylvania's anthropologist Loren Eiseley.

LOOKING about for a single brief statement which would illustrate what may possibly be the most significant tendency of the Fifties I choose the following from Sir Julian Huxley, partly because it opens a wide chink in the armor of the mechanist, the positivist, and the determinist, partly because no one questions the scientific competence of Sir Julian or could accuse him of having been, in general, anything but orthodox in his convictions. Writing a preface to a work by the somewhat mystical French biologist de Chardin, he says: "Some biologists, indeed, would claim that mind is generated solely by the complexification of certain types of organization, namely brains. However, such logic appears to me narrow. The brain alone is not responsible for mind, even though it is a necessary organ for its manifestation."

To anyone who will let those sentences and their implications sink in, it will be evident that once the independence of the mind as separate from the brain is granted, once mind is regarded as an independent creator, then every one of the five basic assumptions upon which the modern world rests (or perhaps one should now say totters) is, happily, open to question.



—*From "First Folio"; reprinted from* Saturday Review.

"Yes, Hopkins, but where is it going to end?"

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Learning for Those Deeply Involved in Life

By MAXINE GREENE, *assistant professor of education at New York University.*

ALVIN JOHNSON, president emeritus of the New School, has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. On that day, as always, he was busy seizing opportunity by the forelock since, as he says, "she has no back hair." The quotation comes from "somewhere in the Greek or Latin," he will tell you, as he recalls the years spent on Sanskrit, Gothic, and the classics at the University of Nebraska in the 1890s. (Even today, he cherishes the classics and is reading Plautus with his grandson in "a little teaching experiment" to make Latin come alive.)

Emeritus only in name, he sits before a crowded desk in the school he helped found in 1919 and administered from 1922 to 1945. He looks sunlit and craggy, as if he has just come in from the open fields and put aside his tools for a moment to work over his accounts.

Dr. Johnson's accounts, however, are records of enlightenment and liberalism. As you listen to him, you hear the great names of liberalism, and the ideas of the progressive tradition glow and pulsate in the room. John Dewey, James Harvey Robinson, Charles A. Beard—these were his associates in the establishment of the New School for Social Research, a school for intelligent adults.

The founders were committed to the cause of continued education of the educated. They were moved by a desire for a kind of academic freedom not to be found in the big, trustee-ridden universities after the First World War. They were Jeffersonian in their shared belief in the dependence of a free society upon popular enlightenment. The complexities of modern society seemed to make advanced training for college graduates particularly important. They, after all, were the ones who bore the greatest social responsibility; they were the ones who influenced the behavior of numbers of other citizens.

Dr. Johnson, who had had years of experience as a teacher in eight colleges and universities, saw unique values in intellectual offerings for adults. College students, he says, with rare exceptions, go to school to attain status and economic advantage, not for love of learning. In consequence they can do little more than recall the mere words of what they have learned. They are like Indians from a reservation, he adds with gentle irony, who "return to the blanket" of orthodox ideas as soon as they win their degrees. Intelligent adults, on the other hand, go back to school to devote themselves to study for its own sake, without thought of practical gain.

And how seriously Johnson takes the enjoyment of work for its own sake! Like the Oriental philosophers, he appears to find the deepest fulfillments where men are not "attached to the fruits" of what they do. Like his farmer father, that man of multiple skills, he enjoys doing, making, planting things, not for money or renown, but because it is "good" to write, teach, to hone an axe or plant a tree, to act, and to create.

In this day of stress on "education" for external ends, you find yourself warming to his words. The liberal tradition, it appears, is not dead; the liberal imagination continues to live. Moreover, the "revolt against formalism" in the social sciences and philosophy, the intellectual pattern that humanized law, politics, and scholarship in the early years of this century, seems still to be developing in Alvin Johnson's enterprise. When he talks of adult learning, you see it as a social technology, a means of advancing individual freedoms and a humane civilization as well.

This is not because there is any magic in education per se. Dr. Johnson, although a scholar and trained economist, has a healthy Western scorn of pedantry. His school is founded upon faith in the intelligent layman who is deeply involved in life. The student, therefore, is regarded, is consulted; he is not simply given what experts deem best for him. At the same time, he is challenged to participate in education geared to significant problems which can only be presented by those long skilled in defining them and thinking them through.

At the beginning, the issues thought most significant were those in the social sciences; and the courses were limited accordingly. Dr. Johnson, whose own concern for setting forth accumulated social knowledge can be seen in his editorship of the "Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences," wanted to see the "educated mind remain clear and steady." To remain so, it required an enriched understanding of the complex social forces at work in the world. And who knew better than the man Dewey called "the twentieth-century Diderot" how complex they were?

As the student body expanded, however, interest in other fields was expressed. Johnson, true to his principle of respect for the adult learner's desires, responded by enriching the courses being offered by the school. Work in psychology, psychoanalysis, the arts, music, the dance, painting, and literature was added. (Martha Graham found her first audience there.) Teaching was done in the fields of modern painting, mental hygiene, and contemporary music—pioneer teaching that was to influence university instruction in many ways. Certainly it revolutionized adult education, if only by the high standards maintained, standards demanding far more than recreational listening on the part of those who come to learn.

DR. Johnson will tell you, with some pride, that many of the people who come only for one course stay to matriculate for a degree under the graduate faculty. ("And why not?" he says with a grin. "People are entitled to symbols and rewards." He shows you the Legion of Honor rosette on his lapel. Recalling the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes he founded for French and Belgian scholars persecuted by Hitler, you murmur that he worked for that rosette. He shakes his head firmly, and you are reminded again that the work he does is done for its own sake, never for its reward.)

The graduate faculty itself springs from such work. It was in 1933 that Johnson conceived the "University in Exile," staffed by a faculty of German scholars who could no longer continue working under the Nazis. His plan was not only to assist these men as individuals, but to conserve the creative work they were doing, to insure its continuance, and, moreover, to enrich American scholarship with some of Europe's finest social thought. Keeping such men as Max Wertheimer, Emil Lederer, Arnold Brecht, Hans Simons, Max Ascoli, and Hans Staudinger together served a double purpose: it created a center for group creative scholarship and interaction, and it made pos-

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sible a permanent faculty for the New School.

This is now the graduate faculty, empowered since 1941 to grant higher degrees. It still includes many great European scholars, who are now an organic part of an American institution and, largely because of Alvin Johnson's efforts, an organic part of the American educational scene. Johnson is careful to remind you, however, that the prime concern of the New School remains adult education; it is in no sense an "extension" of a graduate school, in no sense a side concern of a faculty offering a baccalaureate degree. He justifies the existence of the graduate faculty not only by the contribution it makes in keeping the standards of the general courses high. There are no suburban "tatting" courses in the New School, Johnson tells you; neither is it a Chautauqua or a Lyceum. It is a place where underlying social forces are seriously studied; where a general seminar still relates the findings of the various disciplines; where, as Johnson said ten years ago, there is an opportunity "for bringing together mature men and women, to reason out the problems of life democratically under leaders who come to learn as well as to teach." These problems, he will now remind you, are not confined to those of the present, or even of the future. They have to do with something even deeper: "the discovery of the forces operating to rebuild civilization, to strengthen faith in the power of intelligence and enlightened will—to recreate a world."

The Institute of World Affairs, set up within the School in 1943, is concerned with basic research for a kindred end. Johnson established this center as a place where American and foreign scholars could conduct and publish inquiries into economic, political, and cultural aspects of international relations. These studies combine with the quarterly journal, *Social Research,* to provide continually renewed testimony to Dr. Johnson's scholarly commitment and to the meanings in his "rescue of the scholars," which made this Nebraska liberal, in many eyes, a modern Tom Paine, a citizen of the world.

SUCH citizenship involves, for Johnson, an ongoing fight against totalitarianism in all its forms. A "bill of rights" embodied in Article I of the school's by-laws expresses a commitment to an unrestricted search for truth and, as well, clear opposition to any form of discrimination. Dr. Johnson's long battle against inequity at home and abroad included work as chairman of the New York State War Council Committee against Discrimination in Employment,

—*Breitenbach.*

Alvin Johnson—Wants to see the "educated mind remain clear and steady."

work on the legislative commission responsible for the first state law outlawing discrimination in employment, and a major contribution to legislation barring discrimination in college admission policies.

In 1950, after he had retired, Johnson took still another stand against discrimination, this time the discrimination against retired professors. Leading scholars were called from retirement and given teaching assignments at the New School; moreover, New School professors were invited to continue teaching after they reached what has been, in many places, thought of as the "age of retirement." At a time of increasing shortages among college personnel, this has been a widely recognized precedent. In the light of what has been done for distinguished elder teachers at the school, it seems particularly appropriate that the New School Associates are planning to observe Dr. Johnson's birthday by establishing the school's first endowed chair in his name. It is to be a chair of economics and will be filled by members of the New School faculty, drawing, in Dr. Johnson's own spirit, "on the luster in our midst."

The light still radiates from the office of the president emeritus—encyclopedist, economist, teacher, writer, and farmer. Like some peripatetic Johnny Appleseed, he has sown many seeds in the fields of America. As he wrote in a recent letter, "the art of tree planting" is the art America most needs; and clearly this farmer's son has nourished that art in his cultivation of the growth of knowledge, in his affirmation and enjoyment of life in its richness and complexity, in what Lao-tze calls its "visible simplicity," embracing clear and unpretentious ways.

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As Fiction Faces the Sixties

By Granville Hicks

THIRTY YEARS ago there was an article in *The Nation* entitled "The Twenties in American Literature." It began: "A survey of the Twenties is rather sad business." I blush as I set this down, for I wrote the article. Today it is as clear to me as to anyone that the Twenties were not sad but glorious, the most productive decade in the whole of our literary history except for the 1850s. But glory is not what I saw in the dawning light of 1930.

Humiliating as it is for me to have to admit my mistaken judgment, I draw from it a certain comfort as I read the more lugubrious comments on the Fifties. The critics may not be quite so overwhelmingly wrong as I was in my estimate of the Twenties, but I feel no assurance that their opinions will seem valid in 1990.

If it is so difficult to evaluate a decade that has ended, what can one hope to say about a decade that lies ahead? In a sense nothing. The crystal balls of literary prophets are notoriously clouded. But speculation, frankly accepted as such, may be useful. To try to guess where we are going is a way of finding out where we are, and that is always a good thing to know. There are assumptions that can be made about the Sixties, and from them conclusions may cautiously be drawn.

In the first place, let me suggest that in the Sixties writers, like everyone else, will go on living under the threat of catastrophe, if, indeed, the catastrophe —I mean, of course, atomic warfare— doesn't take place. I realize that the human race, as Thornton Wilder so ingeniously pointed out in "The Skin of Our Teeth," has always lived in the shadow of disaster, and everybody's crisis seems to him the worst. But there are sober reasons for believing that our crisis *is* the worst, at least since the onset of the Ice Age, and it has to be lived with twenty-four hours a day.

In the second place, if the catastrophe is postponed, and even if in some way the threat is eliminated, writers will be living in a world that is increasingly indifferent to what they are trying to do. Arthur Koestler recently (*SR*, Nov. 14, 1959) gave as good a brief account as I have seen of the cultural revolution that everyone knows is taking place. As the standard of living is raised, which is in itself desirable, mass culture becomes stronger and stronger not only in this country but also, as Koestler shows, throughout the world. So long as we have peace, the triumph of mass culture will continue, and serious artists of all kinds will be driven into deeper and deeper alienation.

On the other hand, unpropitious as the times may be, it is safe to assume that there will be large numbers of serious and talented writers in the Sixties just as there have been in the Fifties. Those of the young who reject mass culture are likely to make their careers in the arts, and many are capable of great devotion. Moreover, in some ways the times are propitious. The young person who wants to write cannot expect to support himself by his writing, but he can readily find a job that leaves him time and energy for his literary activity. And if he shows promise, he may be released from his job by way of fellowships. A literary career may be a luxury these days, but it is a luxury many people want and can afford.

Whether any of these young men and women will turn out to be great writers I have no idea. It is the essence of genius that its emergence is unpredictable. So is the nature of its achievement. The only thing it is safe to say is that, if a genius appears in the Sixties, he will give our literature a new direction.

If no genius does appear, it seems probable that our literature will continue in the direction in which it has been moving in the Fifties. I do not want to exaggerate the homogeneity of American fiction in the past decade, but certain generalizations are defensible. First, most of the interesting novels of the Fifties deal not with the kind of people who run our society but with marginal figures—children, artists, outcasts, failures. Secondly, these novels are concerned with problems of the individual rather than problems of society, with problems of identity and relationship, problems we can think of as philosophical or ethical. In the third place, they show a high order of craftsmanship; this is a generation of intensely self-conscious writers.

If I am right in thinking that the Sixties will go on, at least for a time, as the Fifties have gone, we can be sure that there will be some unhappy critics. What we hear said about the fiction of the Fifties is that it is colorless, timid, quiet. The critics demand large themes, and clamor for boldness of attack.

Fortunately, writers rarely follow the advice the critics offer them. They do what they feel they have to do, not what somebody else tells them they ought to do. What they have mostly done is to explore the human spirit under pressure. It is, I think, the theme that the era has given them, and the best have done a great deal with it. Since the pressures are not likely to diminish in the Sixties, and since the sense of alienation may grow stronger, I expect the same theme to be prominent in the coming decade.

I ALSO expect that the gap between serious fiction and popular fiction will widen. Studying the best-seller lists, one can argue that there was a slight improvement in popular taste from the beginning to the middle of the century. I am afraid that a reversal has taken place. A considerable proportion of book publishing today is a mere adjunct to the television industry. Not only that; the methods used to put together popular TV shows are being used to fabricate best-selling books. More and more, I suspect, the real moneymakers will be books that are deliberately shaped to please the kind of people who are pleased by television.

That doesn't mean that serious novels won't be published. Even if, as Koestler says, the drift is towards uniformity on a low cultural level, there are dissenters. Such people are not numerous enough but they do have an influence, though a marginal one, on the publishing business.

That serious fiction should be kept alive in the Sixties is, I hope I do not need to say, important. To put the argument in its simplest terms, here is one of the media for the expression of deep sensibility, free imagination, and the critical temper. Here is the antithesis of the gadget, the gag, and the fix. If, as I believe, there is something to look forward to on the farther side of mass culture, it is because the spirit of true art cannot be conquered. Even if a genius does come along, we cannot afford not to be grateful to the men and women of talent and dedication.

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Book in the News

Philip C. Jessup—no facile answer.

By Henry G. Hochkiss, *a member of the New York Bar.*

IN THEIR **"Controls for Outer Space: And the Antarctic Analogy"** (Columbia University Press, $6) Philip C. Jessup and Howard J. Taubenfeld have made a notable contribution to a subject that is full of dramatic uncertainties and unresolved questions. The book itself is an exposition of political questions, legal and scientific problems handled with ease and authority. The authors here assiduously avoided the temptation to find some new and facile answer. Their work might really be termed a book of reference of what has been done in the past that might prove helpful, rather than a plea for any particular method of space control.

One of the most interesting questions debated is the discussion of the possibility of fixing the rights of the subjacent sovereignties to outer space, whatever that may mean. In the case of navigable air space, it was assumed generally after World War I that each sovereign state owned the air space above it. Before that, debate had been had as to whether the subjacent state owned the navigable air space above it, with the duty to give the right to overfly it to any innocent party. The other view held by some was that the right of free passage was restricted by the right of the subjacent country to prohibit such flight at any time or all times. Then there was the suggestion that the right might be limited so that up to a certain height there would be absolute sovereignty and above that no sovereignty and the absolute right of free passage. These discussions were settled by the First World War and after that all nations agreed that they had complete sovereignty of the air space, and the right of innocent passage through it was dependent upon treaty.

In the case of outer space the authors point out the difficulties of determining rights because of fundamental difficulties in the problem itself:

> The first is that any projection of territorial sovereignty into space beyond the atmosphere would be inconsistent with the basic astronomical facts. The revolution of the earth on its own axis, its rotation around the sun, and the motions of the sun and the planets through the galaxy all require that the relationship of particular sovereignties on the surface of the earth to space beyond the atmosphere is never constant for the smallest conceivable fraction of time. Such a projection into space of sovereignties based on particular areas of the earth's surface would give us a series of adjacent irregularly shaped cones with a constantly changing content. Celestial bodies would move in and out of these cones all the time. In these circumstances, the concept of a space cone of sovereignty is a meaningless and dangerous abstraction. The second difficulty is that missiles, space stations and space ships moving in space would be constantly changing their position in relation to the subjacent territorial sovereignties at such high speeds that whatever relationship of control might subsist between earth stations and such objects in space would have no territorial aspect analogous to the control exerted by a state in its air space or territorial waters.

The conclusion is reached that we shall "assume that at some point there is a limit to the extension of terrestrial sovereignties and that in due course practical international necessities will lead to its definition."

The authors review what has already been tried politically in the way of international controls of political administration. Special reference is made to the unhappy fate of condominium, notably in the Sudan and Samoa. More successful has been joint ownership of rivers and other bodies of waters.

Then they comment on international organizations that govern the cities of Tangiers, Leticia, Danzig, the Saar Basin, the Italian colonies, Trieste, and Jerusalem.

But it is in the realm of international functional bodies such as the International Civil Aviation Organization that the authors find the best patterns. Particularly the success that ICAO has had in dealing with problems involving the use of air space, air transportation, or navigation and the like illustrates the debt that this development owes to ICAO. At present the Soviet Union does not actively participate in ICAO but if they were to do so, that organization might take on new duties and extend its jurisdiction to outer space.

It is not to be wondered at that one of the most interesting sections of the book is the discussion of the control of the Antarctic during the International Geophysical Year. Here currently is an area of the world where there are to be found all, or nearly all, of the same kind of questions that would arise with respect to the international control of outer space. The cooperation of these different countries has been handled by having a tacit agreement among them that they are concerned with the furtherance of scientific work rather than the advancement of territorial claims.

The authors evidently and rightfully feel that here is an example that can prove very valuable as a precedent of what to do to create workable international control of outer space.

The authors also recognize that the decisions concerning the control of space must be political ones. All forms of previous comparable experience are therefore important. This book presents examples of conflicts between nations claiming special rights through methods which from experience should be avoided. There are other examples, however, where particular methods and joint efforts have proved successful. Thus the Convention for the Unification of Certain Rules Regarding Air Transport of 1929 (Warsaw Convention), whatever its shortcomings, has been so widely adopted that it has materially and unquestionably aided the growth of international air travel.

Though having no pet solution, the authors clearly indicate by the title of their last chapter, "Chaos or Control," that international cooperation is essential and in conclusion they say:

> The experiences reviewed in this book show that through a long stretch of history states have evolved a variety of devices for cooperative and administrative activities whenever it seemed to them desirable to have a joint rather than a single nation regime. The motivations have been as various as the forms—political, economic, technical, ideological, humanitarian. In recent years a still stronger motivation—human survival—has been added. The need and the incentive have never been greater than now. Steadily the trend on the face of the earth has been toward organized multinational action in the common interest. There will be no reversal of that trend as man moves on into outer space.

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The Perceptive People of Paris

"Jealousy," by Alain Robbe-Grillet; *translated by Richard Howard (Grove. 149 pp. $3.50; paper, $1.75), and* ***"Martereau," by Nathalie Sarraute;*** *translated by Maria Jolas (Braziller. 250 pp. $3.75), exemplify France's "new novel" form, which boasts an awareness that is keener than actual life. Jerrold Lanes frequently comments on contemporary French fiction for Saturday Review.*

By Jerrold Lanes

HERE are two books that belong to what is called, in France, the school of the "new novel." Actually, the definition of this school is largely negative. These authors (Michel Butor and Claude Simon, who have also been published here, are among them) are united by a desire to break away from the threadbare stereotypes that afflict so much of current fiction; for this reason they show a concern with technique that will probably put the general reader off, unless he is serious about what he reads.

The "new" novelists feel that fiction is in a deplorable state. There was a time during the nineteenth century when the forms in which it is cast had meaning and it was then that they reached their highest expression. But one can ask why most novelists persist in following literary conventions that typified another age, when everything else in life has so greatly changed. What were once exciting discoveries, it is felt, become habits and finally formulas; novelists simply repeat the same old tricks and reproduce the same familiar situations, and they cannot do even this with conviction. Thus the novel has degenerated to what it now is—pure diversion; and in this respect TV or the movies are rightly preferred.

Naturally, the most obvious indication of the decline of the classical novel is plot. This is almost always a mechanical thing now, providing a kind of objective logic the novelist requires to arrange events that have no inner logic of their own. But plot has never made any novel great; it has been a symptom or expression of something else, namely, motive and psychology—and the collapse of fictional psychology has been total. This is partly due, of course, to the greatness of the nineteenth-century masters, who can hardly be rivaled on their own terrain; but it also stems from the development of psychoanalysis, which has taken from novelists the task of exploring our emotional life. Faced with this impasse, novelists have a choice between two courses: either to find a new psychology, or else to eliminate psychology.

Alain Robbe-Grillet has chosen the second course. "Jealousy" takes place on a banana plantation somewhere in the tropics, and it concerns a love affair between a woman known only as "A . . ." and her next-door neighbor, Franck. But one must not expect, because of the title, an analysis of A's husband's feelings toward all this. The husband is mentioned only once—in a description of a photo of A that shows his hand and the cuff of his jacket before the edge of the snapshot cuts him off!

Robbe-Grillet has tried, then, to write a novel without characterization, one that is purified of the recipes he finds so sterile by being itself dehumanized. He does not analyze what is felt inside people; he notes what is seen on the surface of things, obliquely describing his approach apropos of some cries of animals, heard at night: "They do not seem to be cries of fright, or pain, or intimidation, or even love. They sound like mechanical cries, uttered without perceptible motive, expressing nothing, indicating only the existence, the position . . . of each animal." They have, in other words, no meaning in terms that correspond to human feelings: they do not signify anything for us, they are simply there as themselves. And since there is no psychology, there is also no plot. "Jealousy" consists of just a very few incidents—cocktails on the terrace, lunch in the house, crushing a centipede against the wall, planning a trip into town—and these episodes are defined solely by what the senses can perceive, with no suggestion of undertone or inner response.

But now a strange thing happens. These few episodes are constantly repeated, yet they are repeated with variations. The descriptions and visual inventories may be dispassionate, but if you compare them as they recur you find that they are selective and therefore slanted. They are also repeated without regard for naturalistic time sequence, detached from their "objective" existence and made to intersect and fuse, draw apart and merge again. One thinks of a fugue, and the author himself provides an analogy in the native songs consisting of motifs that emerge and disappear, whose "repetitions [and] tiny variations, halts, regressions, can give rise to modifications . . . eventually moving quite far from the point of departure."

So, indeed, they do, and the effect is very unlike the antiseptic naturalism Robbe-Grillet seems to promise at first. He constructs a kind of poetic myth, and ends by dissolving the reality of the very incidents he so clinically describes into a world of obsessed and fascinating hallucination. I do not know how many readers will want to work their way into this book, but those who do will not be able to escape.

Nathalie Sarraute uses some of the same devices—the retelling of a small number of episodes and the absence of what we are used to calling plot. In "Martereau" the character of that name is given some money with which to buy a house for someone else, which he does; for a time, it is unclear whether or not he will give the house back, but in the end he does—and that's all. But Sarraute's vision is basically the opposite of Robbe-Grillet's, for where Robbe-Grillet has eliminated psychology, Sarraute tries to take it further than any novelist heretofore.

In so doing, she has reached a level that might most accurately be called *pre*-psychological. In novelists like Proust or Dostoievsky what is involved is an emotion that (for all the subtlety and depth of its analysis) can be named. It may be love, or jealousy, or hate; it may grow or decline, but it is there as what it is. Sarraute, for her part, does not try to capture emotions that, however transitional, are still clear enough to be defined with a word, but rather the moment before such emotions come into being—a kind of immediate, instinctive, amoeboid region of nameless attractions or repulsions, imperceptible reflexes, things "we sense—not, of course, in so many words, but much quicker and more subtly," as she says.

The atmosphere that results is a bit depressing, since these reactions consist largely of suspicion and self-interest, resentment and self-defense. But, in any case, it is in this respect that "Martereau" may be called "pre-psychological": it differs not only from the classical novelist's sort of analysis, but from the Freudian kind as well. For the latter aims at reaching the secret of a given individual's emotional life,

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what makes him specifically and uniquely himself; and it is, in this sense a rather spiritual thing. Mlle. Sarraute's psychology, on the other hand, is primarily biological: it reveals not the unique and the individual, but instead some generalized substrata of humankind, a formless paste from which more differentiated states of feeling, whether fictional or Freudian, may later emerge.

So Sarraute—like Robbe-Grillet, although for very different reasons—does not develop a plot. She repeats, and constantly modifies, analyses of a small number of episodes, as when a single conversation is recounted half a dozen times in the space of twenty-five pages, yet never in identical terms. This technique does not exhaust human reality, or sterilize it, but enriches it. The complexity of feelings and reactions it reveals is extraordinary, and it is also true: this is the way things are, and no other technique would be (or at least has shown itself to be) so capable of rendering reality at this level.

It is only fair to say that these books are not for everybody, but neither are they merely exercises in technique. Their technical preoccupations are everywhere evident and must be understood. But the reader who is able to assimilate these will find, as he does so, something else: two novelists unlike each other conveying perceptions that no one else has expressed; he will also discover two major and lasting works.

COMPANY MAN: In his latest novel, "**S.O.P.H.I.A.**" (Vanguard, $3.95), Pierre Boulle returns to the Malayan setting of his well-known "The Bridge Over the River Kwai," this time to examine a society that exists only in terms of the organization it serves. He is probing a riddle as old as Madison Avenue: which comes first, the organization or the man?

SOPHIA (Society for the Overseas Promotion of Horticulture, Industry, and Agriculture) operates plantations in the Malay Peninsula. Its interests are rubber first, palm oil second. To this purpose its planters and technicians offer their lives, wives, and complete loyalties, for SOPHIA is a "great company" and if there is, at times, more paper work than rubber produced, this is the way things must be when one serves a "great company."

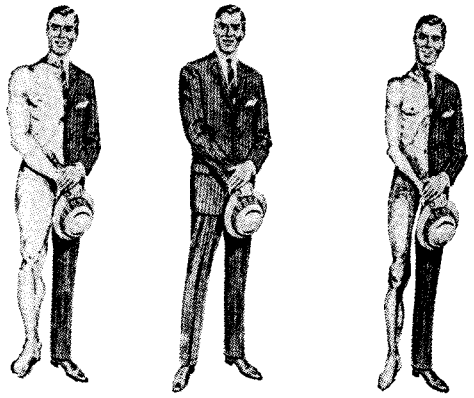
SOPHIA itself, more than any two-legged character, is the protagonist of Mr. Boulle's novel, though the story is lightly draped around the shoulders of Maille, a young Frenchman working his way up through the chain of command who finally announces the author's choice between man and organization. But Maille, as well as everyone else in this novel, is at best

ter whom the author invests with a spark of life.

Mr. Boulle's style is objective. He views his world through the long end of a telescope. This technique proved successful in "The Bridge Over the River Kwai," a study of flesh-and-blood men to whom the reader could easily bring identification and emotion, but a dispassionate examination of a dispassionate industry can only result in a novel that is doubly dispassionate. It is a shame that Mr. Boulle did not choose to examine SOPHIA through its people, for with his considerable talent and wealth of background detail, this could have been much more than a book to respect. As it now stands, "S.O.P.H.I.A." reads much like a stockbroker's report on a good investment—a fine thing, indeed, but not if you were expecting a novel.

—Haskel Frankel.

THE SUBJUGATION OF WOMEN has been neatly accomplished through the centuries by encouraging females to adopt clothes that restrict freedom of movement. This is one of the provocative theses in Lawrence Langner's informative and frequently amusing study, "**The Importance of Wearing Clothes**" (Hastings House, $7.50). The chic Parisian, far left, is as hampered in her Jacques Fath sheath skirt as her counterpart, center, wearing a fashionable 1878 "walking costume."



Clothes serve many purposes. They entice by revealing, but also, as these photographs show, they are useful for concealment. For both the fat and lean alike, the well-chosen garment is a great equalizer. In Mr. Langner's book, he traces the evolution of dress from pre-history to today's fashion showings. He discusses the relationship of clothes to the law, religion, the theatre, to modern society and its insistence upon conformity.

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His Life Was a Study of Life

"Asa Gray," by A. Hunter Dupree *(Belknap Press. 505 pp. $7.50), selects the distinguished botanist to demonstrate the transforming effects of Darwinism upon the age into which it was born. Thomas Steele Hall is a biologist, science historian, and Dean of the College at Washington University in St. Louis.*

By Thomas Steele Hall

GOOD biography will be good in three complementary ways: as fact, as psychological interpretation, and as art. Unless all three of these dimensions—the factual, the psychological, and the esthetic—are clearly defined, the result will not seem to be real. The subject will not seem to live. For many readers, because of the reason just specified, this new account of a famous American will lack vitality and vibrance. This will be true even though, as fact, the work is a masterpiece. Unfortunately, it lacks comparable distinction as psychological interpretation, and makes no pretense of being art.

Lest we seem in this way to dispose too simply of a sincere and significant work, two quick qualifications are needed. First, a book about a famous botanist does not need to be a good biography in order to be a good book; where the subject is as important as Asa Gray, the mere marshaling of fact can be (as here) a valuable exercise. And, second, the way of selecting and ordering fact can (as here) generate a certain fascination and excitement.

The excitement of Hunter Dupree's "Asa Gray," however, stems not from any special vitality or verisimilitude in the portrait he paints, but rather from the brilliance with which the author lights up dramatic developments in American intellectual history.

The documentary resources for a biography of Gray were fairly oceanic: more than 700 publications plus inexhaustible amounts of published and unpublished correspondence and notes. All these, along with secondary materials, the author has expertly sifted. The result is a straightforward account of Gray's boyhood in rural New York, his education to be a doctor of medicine, his struggle to become a botanist when no such profession really existed in this country, his great contribution in making America aware of its wondrous botanical resources, his fight to secure a place for botany at Harvard and, finally and especially, the transforming impact of Darwin on Gray's scientific and philosophical development.

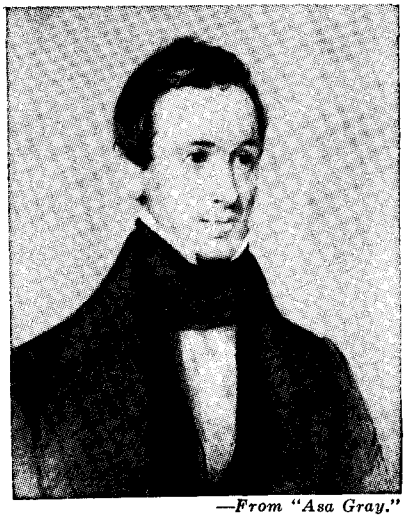
How can one travel so far with a man and still be left without a real sense of knowing him? Was Gray himself a hard man to know—unsociable perhaps, or uncommunicative, or somehow elusive and unrevealing of himself? The facts of his life (and, incidentally, the contents and style of his wonderful letters) show that such was far from the case.

Professor Dupree is an intellectual historian, and a good one. "Asa Gray" is an example of the historian's craft and needs to be understood as just that. It is too much to ask of the historian that he be psychologist and artist as well. We must not expect historian Dupree to produce an analytic idea, a theory, of Gray as psychological man, as a product of molding events, as a particular variant of the scientific type, as an ensemble of passions and motivations—even though the original sources suggest much on these subjects. Neither must we expect of the historian that wonderful power of illusion through which the great biographer, as artist, can bring a subject to life.

The real fascination of this book is in its account of the coming of Darwinism, especially the resounding repercussions of Darwinism upon the passions and ideas of the age into which it was born. For biology, the result was nothing less than a radical metamorphosis of the science as a whole. After Darwin the basic problem for the biologist changes from what the order of nature is to what the order of nature means. Asa Gray was a shrewd choice of subject to show these transforming effects because his own highly important work and thought were directly involved in the change. Gray was, moreover, Darwin's personal correspondent and friend and, for a time, his most eloquent champion in America.

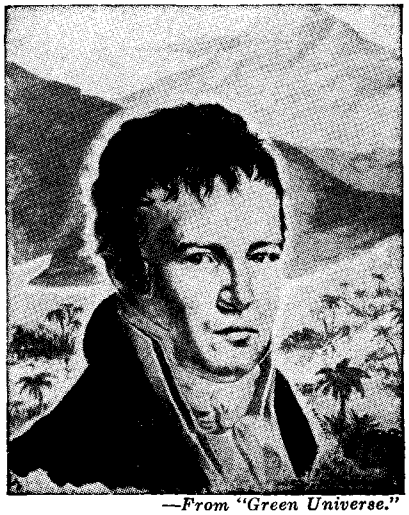
Beyond science, Darwin had an abrupt catalytic effect on that slow and uneven process of secularization through

The Pioneering Spirit in Profile



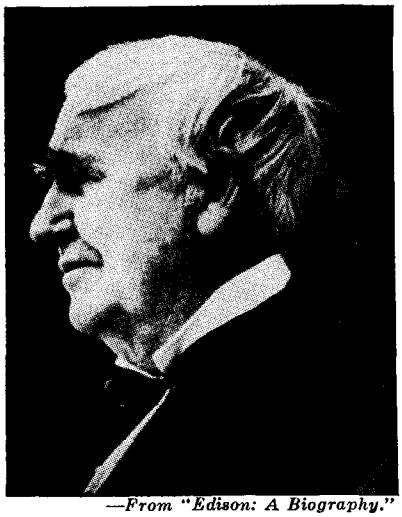
—From "Asa Gray."

Asa Gray—Darwin's champion.



—From "Green Universe."

Alexander von Humboldt—Bonaparte's rival.



—From "Edison: A Biography."

Thomas Edison—Alger's model.

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which Western thought had been passing since the beginning of the Renaissance. No one better than Asa Gray manifests the poignancy, the agony almost, with which the sincerely religious man who is also intellectually sincere comes face to face with a major new challenge to doctrine. Gray himself managed to embrace Darwinism without abandoning his religious beliefs, specifically his belief in an abstract and transcendent Design behind the material world. By this accomplishment Gray sparked an acceptance of evolution in circles where it must otherwise have been rejected.

One of the most fruitful techniques of the historian is to mirror the grand sweep of events through their impact on a single human being shown as recipient and vehicle of their effects. Of this technique Dupree is a master.

Phenomena of a Phenomenal Man

"Green Universe: The Story of Alexander von Humboldt, Scientist, Explorer, Author, Humanitarian," by Edward F. Dolan, Jr. *(Dodd, Mead. 244 pp. $3.50), introduces one of the greatest scientific philosophers of the last century. Nicholas Guppy has traveled widely in many of those parts of South America where Humboldt laid the foundations of his reputation. Mr. Guppy's book "Wai-Wai: Through the Forests North of the Amazon" was published in 1958.*

By Nicholas Guppy

WHATEVER field of inquiry Humboldt touched he fertilized, not only because of his persistent inquisitiveness and wide knowledge, but because of his remarkable ability to spot the analogies and relationships between phenomena. It was he, for example, who first thought of drawing lines to connect up on a map places at which the temperature is the same at the same time of year. The resultant "Isotherms," which enable the climates of different regions to be compared easily, are so basic a tool that today the sciences of physical geography and meteorology would be unthinkable without them.

Similarly, Humboldt made pioneer researches on the earth's magnetism and the origin of different kinds of rocks during his great journey in 1799-1804 in South America, when he pioneered the exact geographical and scientific description of that continent, and he made the first accurate maps of vast areas on the basis of more than 700 astronomical observations. But when he coupled his geology with his geography he showed the world for the first time that volcanoes are distributed in chains round the great ocean basins, and with this as a basis was able to suggest a possible origin for them in lines of weakness in the earth's crust. Again, shuffling together meteorology, geology, geography, botany, and zoology, Humboldt examined the distribution of living things and fathered the science of ecology. Even his minor observations were often important: his description of the guano deposits on sea-bird haunted islands off the South American coast led to a gigantic industry in fertilizers—from which Humboldt received not a penny in benefit.

SUCH a man, who by the age of forty was by far the most famous of Europeans, save only Napoleon Bonaparte, deserves on the centenary of his death a full and thorough biographical treatment. He moved in the midst of the great of his age—scientific, philosophical, social, literary, political—and contemporary writings are full of his mention; he journeyed to the great European congresses with his king (the king of Prussia); he wrote copiously (thirty volumes alone came out of his South American travels), and his writings, if sometimes a little overloaded with detail and digression, are in places full of exciting adventures and colorful descriptions of places and people. Even in his old age he traveled to Russia and discovered diamonds in the Urals! Mr. Dolan makes small use of all this material. He mentions incidents and discoveries, but so briefly that our interest is not aroused. And of Alexander von Humboldt himself and his botanist companion Aimé Bonpland he makes odd little pasteboard silhouettes who chat away furiously to each other in a sort of TV script dialogue:

> Alexander's voice raced like that of a Cumaná street peddler. "We have the chance to do this country [Venezuela] a real service: find the exact spot where the Orinoco joins the Río Negro, thereby linking it with the Amazon. We can rip away years of legend and confusion . . ." His eyes were shining like a child's. "Aimé, it's the place for us. Oh, the things we can do! Collect plants . . . See the land, the people—" He broke off abruptly, breathless. "Well, what do you think?"
>
> Aimé massaged his chin, shrugged, then smiled.
>
> "I think I will enjoy a ride up the Orinoco very much."

This book is not intended for those who wish to inquire seriously about Humboldt and his adventures, or the sciences to which he contributed, or who are interested in the development of scientific philosophy in the last century. But if it helps to make so great a figure better known to the public, it will have served a very useful purpose.

INVENTOR OF INVENTION AS A BUSINESS: For forty years Thomas Edison was the bright boy in the boyhood of American industry. He could well have been a model for Horatio Alger: a poor country lad, deaf and self-taught, indefatigable in study and work, a self-reliant tinkerer alert to every opportunity. He seized on telegraphy as a trade both because of its challenge to his ingenuity and because it offered instant employment anywhere and enabled him to spend his teen years wandering from city to city. After staying in Boston long enough to obtain some small loans and to apply for two patents—one for an electric vote-recorder, the other for a stock-ticker (both unprofitable)—at the age of twenty-two he left for New York, penniless and heavily in debt.

He had learned to borrow money and to apply his talent to inventions, which were usually necessary improvements on existing devices. In the next ten years he earned a quarter of a million dollars as a free-lance inventor. His successful carbon transmitter was needed for the Bell telephone, but he had also devised what no man then needed: the phonograph. It was simple enough to astonish himself and spectacular enough to give him fame and the name of wizard, the greatest inventor of his age. Edison was then thirty-two years old.

Here the Alger story ends. The invention of the incandescent electric light followed in the next decade but only as a consequence of his greatest achievement: the invention of invention as a business, the establishment of the first industrial research laboratory. It required the employment of technicians, scientists, and mathematicians, the management of manufacturing enterprises to meet the payroll, and especially the financing of costly and speculative investigations—to say nothing of

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a flair for publicity to maintain the legend of wizardry and thus the inflow of capital.

It is a complex story and all of Matthew Josephson's patience in research and skill in the telling are needed. **"Edison: A Biography"** (McGraw-Hill, $6.95) *is superbly done, almost* as a sequel to Josephson's "The Robber Barons." The powerful names of J. P. Morgan, Henry Villard, Harrison Twombly, W. H. Vanderbilt, and Grosvenor Lowrey, for instance, were enlisted as directors of the Edison Electric Light Company, launched a whole year before the electric light had proved its value. In the end it was the financiers who took over, even to dropping Edison's name when the company was merged with the Thomson-Houston company to form the General Electric Company.

MR. Josephson does well also in refuting the slur on Edison's reputation that is occasionally expressed by modern theoretical scientists in the charge that his method of research was to cut-and-try anything and everything until he found the answer. It is true that he had to make such a search for the right material for his carbon filaments, but it was only after he had seen that some material of high electrical resistance would be needed in order to utilize relatively small currents. What is more, Edison realized that the current must be supplied equally and independently to all lamps at a constant voltage, and he therefore devised a wiring system with branches and sub-branches, as was already familiar in piping for gaslights. His real genius was in seeing the problem whole, as a modern research director must.

"In 1879 Edison was a bold and courageous innovator; in 1889 he was a cautious conservator of the status quo," quotes Mr. Josephson in comment on Edison's greatest error in judgment, his opposition to the use of alternating current in electric lighting. But the power industry needed heavy currents for big motors which Edison's direct-current system could not supply or transmit over long distances. Thus, despite all his genius, his influence gradually waned and he became a living legend.

Mr. Josephson's big book is a fascinating and authoritative story of Edison himself and also of the transition of American science from invention to research and of American industry from private to corporate enterprise. Documented with 672 detailed references and an eleven-page index, it is a source book of industrial history as well as an objective biography.

—GERALD WENDT.

LADIES OF LETTERS

Memoirs of Best-Selling Mesdames

"Family Gathering," by Kathleen Norris *(Doubleday. 327 pp. $4), and* ***"Gusty's Child," by Alice Tisdale Hobart*** *(Longmans, Green. 343 pp. $5), reveal the lives of two happy, fulfilled women—both popular novelists. During the years that Patricia MacManus was publicity director for publishing firms she came to know many writers firsthand.*

By Patricia MacManus

ONLY the most jaded of readers can fail to find a certain backstage fascination in a novelist's written account of his or her own life—the fascination of seeing the fictionist defictionized, as it were. Even though, for instance, to take the first of the two examples under inspection here, the reader's interest in Kathleen Norris's art may be something less than avid, the chance to glimpse the self-portrait of a writer who produced seventy-five novels in thirty-three years (1912-45) is potentially as intriguing as having an IBM machine explain itself.

However, it must be said right off that "Family Gathering" does not explain Mrs. Norris as writer per se, in fact, her former perpetual-motion literary labors are referred to only as part of the busy, eventful, people-crowded pattern of her seventy-nine years—and then with a nondefensive self-confidence that seems to characterize this zestful lady. Space precludes summarizing these reminiscences, so anecdotal are they, and so packed with major and minor characters and happenings as to probably outdo the author's novels for "human interest" and action.

In short, this is not only the story of Kathleen Thompson Norris but of her Irish and American grandparents, her San Franciscan "Irishtocracy" parents, her five brothers and sisters, and her late dearly loved husband, Charles Norris, as well; she manages, moreover, to make each of them momentarily seem to be a principal actor as she brings them on stage. The connective thread in this family tapestry is, of course, Mrs. Norris's own saga—from the days of her carefree childhood, through her immersion in the workaday world (when her parents died and the younger Thompsons' support fell on resourceful Katy and her older brother, Joe), to her marriage with Charles Norris, a young magazine editor, and continuing with the happy, active years that followed. Early in those marriage years she discovered a bent for the storytelling that eventually brought her fame and fortune, both of which she has obviously relished to the hilt. But, in the end, it is her family and its ever-ramifying younger generations who are her deepest joy: "All so good,

(*Continued on page* 36)

—From "Family Gathering."

(l. to r.) Ben Hampton, Harry Wilson, Kathleen, C. G., and Frank Norris—People-crowded pattern of seventy-nine years.

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Minority Report to a Major City

Oscar Handlin—Settlements, not ghettos.

"The Newcomers," by Oscar Handlin *(Harvard University Press. 174 pp. $4), asks people who are upset at seeing so many Negroes and Puerto Ricans moving into New York City and vicinity to quiet their dismay, and seek relief in facts rather than emotions. The Reverend John LaFarge, S.J., is the author of "The Race Question and the Negro."*

By John LaFarge

WHEN earlier in the year Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge invited the visiting Chairman for a couple of hours' tour of Harlem, the Chairman expected to see a) misery, b) rapturously cheering multitudes lining the streets. What he actually saw (it was a lovely day) was a) the most attractive part of present-day Manhattan, much like Park Avenue forty years ago, and b) nothing but a few indifferent onlookers.

It would have been more practical if someone had presented the Chairman with an advance copy of Professor Handlin's compact book. It provides an impartial view of the way the two latest-coming minority groups—the Negroes and the Puerto Ricans—are situated in the New York metropolitan area; how their experience and their situation compares with that of earlier waves of immigrants—such as the Irish, the Germans, the Italians, and the Jews; and what may be expected of them and about them in the foreseeable future. The distinguished visitor would have noted, probably to his surprise, the vigor and enterprise shown in the past by New York's successive waves of newcomers.

People in 1819 spoke about the new arrivals in tones surprisingly like those which Judge Leibowitz and *Harper's* Editor John Fischer are using about the Puerto Ricans today. He would also have learned that Americans like Dr. Handlin believe nothing is gained by rosy optimism, nor, on the other hand, by attempts to create ineffective barriers—still less by skeptical inaction.

Better, however, than attempting to inform foreign visitors would be to put this book into the hands of every public-minded person in the New York area, and thus to rest from handwringing and consider seriously what needs to be and can be done. Big-city dwellers urgently require a certain essential knowledge about the minorities in our midst. The fact of their presence is central to the overwhelmingly urgent problems of our mushrooming big cities. Otherwise, we are shouting in the dark.

"The Newcomers" has the advantage of being not just a reporter's job, but the product of three years' intense teamwork, under the auspices of the Graduate School for Public Administration, Harvard University (where Dr. Handlin is professor) on behalf of the Regional Plan Association.

Basic to any intergroup urban policy is the question of habitation. Dr. Handlin believes that people racially or ethnically akin will always form some kind of a "cohesive settlement." But if such a cohesive settlement is not to develop into the harmful ghetto, qualified individuals or individual families must be able to emerge from it, and not be wilfully cut off from the natural avenues whereby metropolitan inhabitants move to the outlying areas. Speaking of the last twenty years, the author remarks:

> Movement to the suburbs was thus an indication of the establishment of a new relation among place of residence, occupational status, family stability, and the ethnic community, a relation established in the context of postwar economic expansion. That relation, not the simple facts of the spread of settlement or the character of the Negroes and Puerto Ricans, is at the heart of the problems of adjustment of the present and of the immediate future.

For the future, Dr. Handlin lays great stress upon the need of good leadership *from within the respective* communities. Here lies the weakness of the Negroes and Puerto Ricans in comparison with the older "newcomers." "Enjoying more limited opportunity for advancement and mobility than did their predecessors and without communal institutions or leadership adequate to their needs, these people were especially vulnerable to the danger of the city." The difficulties involved in such "tragically rare" leadership development are great, but Dr. Handlin does not consider them insurmountable, if, as he says, "the society of which these people have become a part allows them to act freely and as equals within it." With abatement of prejudice, "the differences that identify Negroes and Puerto Ricans will lose their stigmatizing effect." One factor in this process, which I notice does not escape his analysis, will be to prevent now largely nonexistent color prejudice among the Puerto Ricans themselves from developing along the mainland pattern.

Nobody can cover in brief space all the ramifications of such a complex area, and some of Dr. Handlin's conclusions may be challenged by people working directly in the intergroup field. Some are likely to ask whether he could not have given a little more credit to the dynamic, though as yet only partially used, forces of religion and religion-related institutions in helping to develop the creative leadership that he so desires, particularly on a local or a parish scale. Religion, despite his chance rather cavalier remark, is not for "frightened people" alone. And awkwardnesses are sure to occur in lumping together such divergent minorities. In view of the persistent and never wholly abated attempts of the Communists to roil up the intergroup situation, it seems a bit odd that the book makes no mention of them at all.

Nonetheless, Dr. Handlin has provided the citizens not only of the New York area but of all our growing and congested metropolises with a most effective analysis and tool for practical purposes. One can only hope it may be as widely used at it deserves.

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Failure of a Utopian Fantasy

"The Decline of American Communism," by David A. Shannon *(Harcourt, Brace. 425 pp. $7.50), and* ***"The Communists and the Schools," by Robert W. Iversen*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 423 pp. $7.50), trace the sapping of Soviet strength in this country. Henry B. Parkes, professor of American history at New York University, wrote, among other books, "Marxism: An Autopsy."*

By Henry B. Parkes

THESE two admirable and fascinating volumes belong to the series on Communism in American Life sponsored by the Fund for the Republic. Both of them are based on comprehensive and objective research; both of them are written from a generally liberal viewpoint, and show a commendable awareness not only of the moral and political obliquity of the Communist movement but also of its tragic consequences for so many of the men and women who became involved in it. In its effects on American political and cultural life the Communist Party was an unmitigated nuisance, but it should always be recognized that most of those who supported it did so for idealistic reasons. Their errors were intellectual rather than moral, and were due mainly to a political naïveté which made them victims of a Utopian fantasy. In earlier epochs this state of mind usually assumed religious forms and found expression in the growth of millenarian sects.

Professor Shannon begins his story at the point when the Communist Party, despite the loss of many of the intellectual supporters whom it had attracted prior to the Nazi-Soviet Pact, had come to the peak of its popular strength. In the spring of 1945 its membership had reached at least 75,000, and the unions under its control included nearly a quarter of the membership of the CIO. This growth was largely due to the prestige enjoyed by the Soviet Union during the war years, and was made possible by its apparent renunciation, under Earl Browder's leadership, of all revolutionary intentions and the adoption of a program calling for collaboration with the more liberal members of the capitalist class.

Mr. Shannon goes on to describe in detail the return to revolutionary policies, under Soviet guidance, in the summer of 1945; the fight between Browder and William Z. Foster for Party leadership and the expulsion of Browder; the Communist direction of the Wallace campaign of 1948; the expulsion from the CIO of the Communist-controlled unions and their subsequent disintegration; and the steady erosion of Party strength under the impact of continuous prosperity and of the Korean struggle and the cold war.

At the present day Communist Party membership does not exceed 3,000; its schools and newspapers have all disappeared because of lack of funds; and one can safely predict that it will never again have any significant influence in American life. The main reason for its failure has been, of course, its subordination to the changing needs of Soviet foreign policy and to the vendettas of Soviet internal rivalries. The full history of its gyrations between revolutionary and reformist attitudes would be material for high comedy if one could forget the resultant shattered careers and wasted lives.

In discussing the decline of American Communism, Mr. Shannon emphasizes also the growth during the Forties of organizations like the ADA, which combined a Leftist program with a sophisticated and uncompromising anti-Communism and was thus able to attract much of the progressive sentiment that had been channeled into the front organizations during the Thirties. At all periods, in fact, the most effective opposition to the Communists came from liberals and Leftists, especially those who had had the practical experience of trying to work with them in a trade union or a front organization —not from the reactionaries, who did not recognize much distinction between a Communist and a New Dealer.

Professor Iversen's book suggests similar conclusions. He is concerned mainly with the Thirties, since it was not until after the onset of the Depression that the Communist Party devoted much effort to capturing supporters in schools and colleges, and before the end of the decade liberal forces were organizing successful counterattacks. Mr. Iversen gives much of the credit for the defeat of academic Communism to John Dewey and some of his leading disciples. By the early Forties the battle had been substantially won, and only a few of the more naïve members of the academic profession, chiefly in the physical sciences, were still responsive to Communist influence. The Congressional investigations of the Fifties should therefore be regarded as an unhappy and unnecessary anticlimax.

It should be noted that neither Mr. Shannon nor Mr. Iversen finds it necessary to say much about espionage or sabotage, since these activities were directed by the Soviet government, not by the Communist Party. As Mr. Shannon says, "There is no documentation in the public record of a direct connection between the Party and espionage in the postwar period," though he adds that "such a connection may well have existed."

It would be pleasant if one could record that American political and cultural life had acquired a greater health and vigor by the virtual elimination of the Communist virus. Unfortunately, the years of prosperity and cold war have seen a decline of genuine as well as of spurious idealism. In 1939 and 1940 a man of learning might appear before an investigating committee because he was accused of revolutionary activities; twenty years later it was because of participation in a fraudulent quiz show. The change can hardly be regarded as in all ways an improvement.

Criminal Record

TEN GREAT MYSTERIES. *Edited by Howard Haycraft and John Beecroft. Doubleday.* $4.95. Two novels: "The Maltese Falcon" (Hammett) and "The Franchise Affair" (Tey); three novelettes (Gardner, Allingham, Stout), and five short stories (Sayers, Christie, Queen, du Maurier, Woolrich) compose this blue-ribbon behemoth, in which, the compilers accurately note, "the common denominator is quality." Original publications were 1924-1954.

AN IRREGULAR ANGLO-AMERICAN GLOSSARY OF MORE OR LESS UNFAMILIAR WORDS, TERMS AND PHRASES IN THE SHERLOCK HOLMES SAGA. *Edited by S. Tupper Bigelow. Castalotte & Zamba, Toronto, Ont.* $1. Just what it says, and a highly worth-while job. Essential for the dedicated.

THE LETHAL SEX. *Edited by John D MacDonald. Dell* 35¢. Fourteen tales by fourteen female tellers make up this chillingly satisfying collection.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Amid Suffering, the Divine Spark

"If This Is a Man," by Primo Levi (Orion. 206 pp. $3.50), describes the degradation, as well as the spiritual triumph, that the author observed during incarceration at Auschwitz. Art critic Alfred Werner lived through the Nazi invasion of Austria and was himself imprisoned.

By Alfred Werner

THE PLACE is Auschwitz, but the narrative would fit any one of the scores of *Konzentrationslager* the Nazis established in their vast, hellish empire. Nor is this the only personal report of a lucky survivor of this notorious death camp. What raises these memoirs high above other descriptions of man-made horror is the author's humanity, the deep interest he took in fellow-prisoners, his penetration of the gruesome sociological structure and, finally, his talent for terse statement.

Levi is a forty-year-old Italian chemist. In December, 1943, he was captured by Fascist militia and turned over to the SS, to be shipped from his native land to the death factory in Upper Silesia. The description of the nightmarish transport recalls to me my own "journey" from Vienna to Dachau, except that among Levi's companions were also women, even mothers with little babies, all suffering from hunger, thirst, and cold. Of the forty-five people in his wagon, only four were ever to see their homes again.

"Man's capacity to dig himself in, to secrete a shell, to build around himself a tenuous barrier of defense, even in apparently desperate circumstances, is astonishing and merits a serious study." These are the observations of one who, having been assigned to the "Buena Project," lived to see the end of tyranny, while the majority of his fellow-prisoners went "up the chimney."

We know by now all that is worth knowing about the mad laws and logic that characterized a German concentration camp, about the terror by which the SS subjugated and demoralized the gray mass of helpless prisoners. But we can never hear enough about those who managed to resist corruption and to retard their moral disintegration, in the realization that their personalities were in far greater danger than their lives. We hear of men who, after a long day of torturous work, mustered up the strength to discuss Talmudic problems in their wretched huts. While doing his camp chores, Levi also translated and explained stanzas from the "Divine Comedy" to a fellow-inmate.

But too often the slaveholders were able to seduce their victims—by positions of privilege that required a minority to treat their less fortunate comrades with all possible cruelty. What Levi calls "the divine spark" was extinguished soon in the multitudes, doomed to a quick death from exhaustion. He is forced to admit, unhappily, "Survival without renunciation of any part of one's own moral world . . . was conceded only to very few superior individuals, made of the stuff of martyrs and saints."

Levi himself seems to belong to the latter category, if only because even Auschwitz could not kill his confidence in man's moral nature. Just as little Anne Frank in her Amsterdam hide-out kept on thinking that man was basically good, so Levi refused to draw the conclusion that man was "fundamentally brutal, egotistic, and stupid in his conduct" when removed from civilized restraints. Though Germans, and especially German prisoners assigned to police their Jewish fellow-inmates, were responsible for his daily torture, he would not indulge in generalizations.

Liberation came precisely a year after Levi's arrival at Auschwitz. For the SS fled after a terrific bombardment that wrecked part of the camp, and in the last week of January, 1945, the first contingent of Russians arrived. Levi went home and wrote his book, which was published in 1947. After the lapse of a dozen years, it is still overwhelmingly fresh and powerful in English translation, a useful reminder of events we must never forget.

Primo Levi—no generalizations.

EX-REFUGEE: In **"Back to Berlin"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown $4.50), V. B. Carleton tells the story of an exile, Eric Dalburg, who has spent years trying to hide his German birth, only to discover that he cannot escape from his past. The account sheds light on the problems of the uprooted and, as the author puts it, on the "tragedy of being a naturalized citizen of any country."

Mrs. Carleton meets Eric and his incredibly patient English wife on shipboard, sailing to Europe in 1956. He seems in sore need of psychiatric help. When he finally drops the British mask he has adopted, the two ladies decide that a trip back to his native Berlin might restore him. Lovingly they accompany him on this pilgrimage, acting somewhat like a Greek chorus as he meets old friends and survivors from the ranks of his "Aryan" and partly Jewish relatives.

The trio is led to see the past and present through the eyes of various people: devoted, spunky, wise Aunt Rosie, who held the family possessions and traditions together; the staunch Berliner whom the Gestapo jailed while looking for Eric on the morning he fled into exile; the successful Cologne dealer seesawing between pride and self-pity.

The moving part of the book centers around a last letter which Eric's father, who was part Jewish, smuggled out of prison after the Nazis arrested him. It makes Eric realize that the father he had distrusted chose death, rather than seek a compromise with evil men.

Unlike other homecoming refugees, Eric assumes control of his family's property without the slightest delay or legal to-do. This is highly improbable and may be meant to brighten the picture. There are other inaccuracies.

Most important: Eric complains that he can find no avowed Nazi. This would have been true in the late Forties, not in 1956. He asks pathetically: "When did Germans ever have a chance to learn self-government?" What about the Weimar Republic?

Despite these and similar errors, the general picture of "Back to Berlin" is warm, and the ex-refugee's home town may well benefit from his conviction that "intelligence has been bestowed on man precisely so that it can help him survive, not perish."

—SIGRID SCHULTZ.

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JOHN T. WINTERICH

1. Triumph in Tokyo

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In recent years SR has reported on two projects that have brought persons from other countries to the United States for medical treatment. The first, the Hiroshima Maidens project, provided plastic surgery and therapy for twenty-five young women from Japan who suffered serious injuries from burns and radiation when the atomic bomb fell on their city. Later, thirty-five Polish women, the Ravensbrueck Lapins, were treated here for injuries received while they were serving as involuntary medical guinea pigs at the Ravensbrueck Concentration Camp during World War II. The following two guest editorials are in the nature of a current report on the two projects. The first report is written by Mrs. Richard L. Day, who participated in the hospitality program for the Maidens while they were in the United States. Mrs. Day recently visited Japan and had an opportunity to observe the Maidens at work and at home. The second is written by Miss Caroline Ferriday, a member of the executive committee of the Lapins project.*

THE fashion show that took place not long ago in the Phoenix Room of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo was hailed as a triumph of haute couture, an exhibition that displayed the work of an imaginative and original talent. But for some of us who were there, it was far more than that. It was a triumph for the Hiroshima Maidens in general and for Toyoko Minowa in particular. For this was their show; and Toyoko was the star of the party. Toyoko is on her way to becoming one of the leading fashion designers in all Japan.

When I arrived in Tokyo I found Toyoko, one of the maidens, who had recently returned from her fashion studies in the United States and Europe, feverishly preparing for her show—the first fashion exhibition ever to be held in the famous Imperial Hotel. Helping her were four other Hiroshima maidens —Hiroko Tasaka, Tadako Emori, Ruriko Fumatsu, and Sachiko Kawamoto. The girls, who share a four-room house-showroom in Tokyo,* were hoping to open their own custom dressmaking business, and the show would be the big test. Even though Toyoko had spent three years studying at the Parsons School of Design in New York and had later studied in Europe, I could tell that she was apprehensive about it. "What if they don't like the clothes?" she asked.

From the upstairs room where the Maidens were sewing, I could hear laughter, singing, and a constant chatter of gay conversation. Misako Kannabe, who teaches at a beauty school nearby, came over and set everyone's hair. Late that night, the last sounds I heard as I went to sleep were the delighted talk and laughter of these girls who only four years ago were the scarred, unhappy victims of the bomb that fell on Hiroshima in 1945.

The next morning, Emiko Takemoto, Michiko Yamaoka, Chieko Kimura, Tazuko Shibata, and Michiko Sako appeared at the house. They had just come from Hiroshima for the show, and they immediately began helping transport the clothes to the Imperial Hotel. Long before the doors of the Phoenix Room were scheduled to open, a crowd began to gather. Meanwhile, the Maidens were dressing the models (three Japanese and two Americans). At noon the doors opened and the crowd poured in. Many, unable to find seats, had to stand at the back of the room during the two-hour show. Lights blazed and popped as press and television photographers moved through the crowd. Fashion editors scribbled in their notebooks when the models appeared in the varied designs Toyoko had created. And the spectators applauded thunderously.

At the end of the show, the mayor's wife came forward and presented a large bouquet to Toyoko, while the crowd called the models back to the stage again and again. The next day, the Japanese newspapers acclaimed Toyoko as a brilliant new discovery in the fashion world—a truly original Japanese designer. Photographs of the show appeared in newspapers and on television programs not only in Japan but all over the world. *The New York Times* reported: "The audience of more than 200 enthusiastically applauded the fashions. . . . Experienced fashion observers gave high praise to Miss Minowa's styling of daytime and evening clothes in both Japanese and imported fabrics. One of these declared that the Hiroshima Maiden surpassed current collections from Paris in the smartness of her designs."

BEFORE visiting the Maidens who live in Tokyo, I had gone to Hiroshima. My arrival reminded me of the night in November, 1956, when I accompanied the Maidens on their return from America. Although my train reached the station an hour earlier than expected, a crowd was already waiting. But this time there was something new. Smiling husbands were there with the Maidens, and before I knew what was happening a baby was thrust into each of my arms. Fathers, mothers, and doctors were also at the station. The joy that had shone on all the Maidens' faces when they returned to Japan still radiated from them. They carried their heads with the confidence and assurance of people who are sure of their place in the world.

The married girls seemed to glow with happiness. Yoshie Harada, who was the first of the Maidens to marry, now has two fine children. Atsuko Yamamoto, who married a co-worker in the New Hiroshima Hotel, is the mother of a beautiful infant daughter. Suzue Oshima, proprietor of the Darien Beauty Shop (named for Darien, Connecticut), has a daughter as exquisitely dainty as Suzue herself. Hideko Sumimura's 1½-year-old baby is the healthiest boy imag-

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inable. All five of the children came to the birthday dinner with which the Maidens surprised me at Helen Yokoyama's home.

While in Hiroshima, I called on the employers of the Maidens who have jobs, and in each case heard praise for their ability and their hard, faithful work. Tazuko Shibata is now second in seniority in the office force of an electrical appliance company. Michiyo Zomen and Takako Harada, who work in Prefectural offices, are so well thought of that they were given a holiday to spend with me. Michiko Yamaoka and Emiko Takemoto, who teach at dressmaking schools, were also given two days off, to accompany me to the fashion show in Tokyo as official representatives of their schools. Sayoko Komatsu is enjoying her work in the office of a department store, and Motoko Yamashita continues to help her mother and sister in their fishing gear shop.

Hiroshima has so many fine new buildings that the city is hardly recognizable after three years. One is the A-Bomb Hospital, which was established to provide free medical and surgical treatment for victims of the bomb, Dr. Shigeto, the institution's director, showed me through its fine laboratories and its immaculate, sunny rooms. Most of the 120 beds were occupied by patients suffering from anemia, leukemia, and cancer—direct results of radiation. Largely as a result of the treatment of Hiroshima Maidens by American doctors in New York, the Japanese Government agreed to provide free treatment for other victims in Hiroshima and Nagaski. And beginning next year, the government will also provide financial support to help the families of these patients.

Dr. Shigeto has made exhaustive studies of the incidence of radiation-caused diseases in Hiroshima. When I commented on the excellent health of the babies of the Hiroshima Maidens, he said his research has shown that the percentage of malformations in infants born to women who were in the radiated area is no larger than that of the general population. This report is reassuring to young people, for rumors have caused needless worry and, in some cases, opposition by the parents of couples who wish to marry.

Tadako Emori, Ruriko Fumatsu, Sachiko Kawamoto, and Toyoko Minowa (left to right) preparing for fashion show in Tokyo.

Many other doctors in Hiroshima are also giving dedicated service to the sick of their city. One of them is Dr. Michihiko Hachiya, author of "Hiroshima Diary," who is donating every yen he earns from his book to support the orphans of Hiroshima. As he told me of his adopted family of thirty boys, his kindly face glowed with the pride and pleasure of a grandfather.

My send-off from Hiroshima was unforgettable. The Maidens had rented a bus, and they and their husbands, children, and parents took us to Iwa Kuni, some thirty kilometers from Hiroshima, for a farewell lunch and to see us off on the plane for Tokyo. As we drove through the pleasant Japanese countryside in the crowded bus, I had the impression that this was the happiest, most outgoing group of people one could find anywhere.

The reaction the Hiroshima Maidens evoke today is no longer one of pity, but of admiration. —IDA DAY.

2. The Lapins a Year Later

IRENA BASCKIEL looked upward at the towering Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center, her eyes filled with wonder. Although Irena is in her late thirties, she showed the uninhibited delight of a young girl, and as we stood there together I knew she must be thinking of the miraculous contrast between this Christmas season and last.

Later that day, Irena and I visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art (where to her great pleasure we lunched in the cafeteria), the United Nations Building, and two or three of New York's big department stores, which glowed and twinkled with Christmas decorations. With tears in her eyes, Irena told me quietly, "I will always remember this."

The next day, Irena left for Poland, the last of the Ravensbrueck Lapins to return home after months of medical and surgical treatment in the United States. Since March she had been in a hospital in Denver, where she was treated for a spot on her lung. Now she looked at least fifteen years younger than she had when she arrived. The doctors say she is completely cured.

For our committee, and for the many people who made possible the care and hospitality offered to the Ravensbrueck Lapins, Irena's departure was a significant triumph. When she and the thirty-four other Lapins came to the United States earlier this year, they were broken in health and deeply embittered. Their experiences during World War II, when they served as guinea pigs for inhuman "scientific" experiments, had brought them to a gloomy view of man's capacity for noble action. It didn't really surprise us that most of the Lapins doubted that anything much would be done for them.

The change that has taken place in the year since the first group of Lapins arrived is almost unbelievable. All are now back in Poland, and all can look forward to more hopeful lives than they could at Christmas, 1958. During their months in this country, doctors treated many of the ailments that had been caused by the Nazis' experiments (although in most cases it was too late for surgery). In addition, the women were given dental treatment, and some were fitted with glasses. One, an artist, was provided with watchmakers' magnifying lenses that permit her once again to fashion intricate works in silver. Another, whose leg muscles had been destroyed, was fitted with artificial calves that make her disfigurement scarcely noticeable.

ALTHOUGH some of the Lapins will remain cripples and many will be unable to work, for others the visit to the United States meant a chance to return to something approaching normal lives. Marysha Kusmierczuk, who is a radiologist, took home with her an increased knowledge of radiology and is now working again. Another doctor, an obstetrician, is practicing in Poland—and using a complete set of instruments provided for her by friends in this country. And Irena Basckiel, as we walked through the gaily decorated stores along Fifth Avenue a few days ago, had only an almost imperceptible limp to remind her of the massive infections and bone-deep incisions she suffered in the camp at Ravensbrueck.

(*Continued on page* 37)

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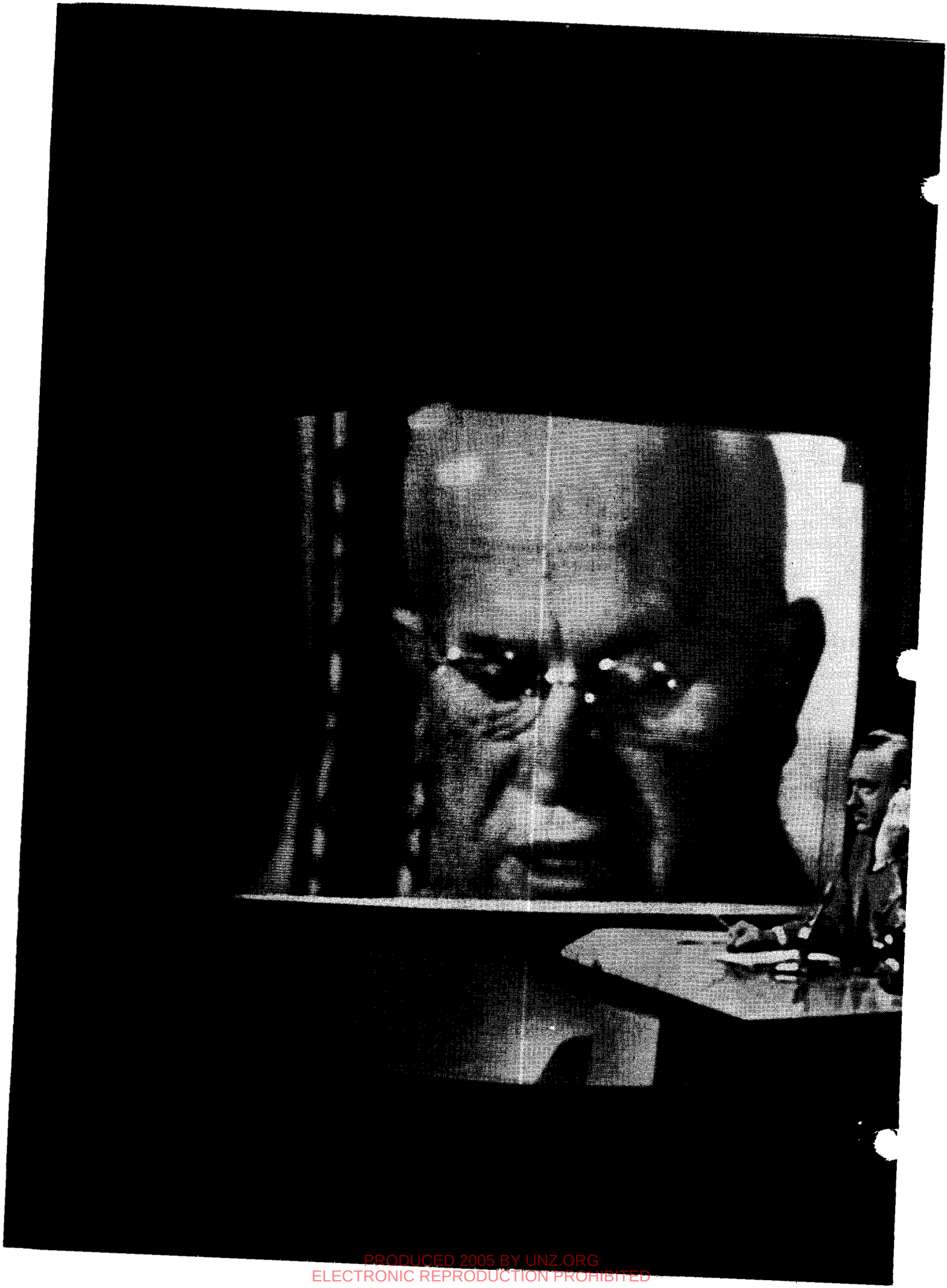

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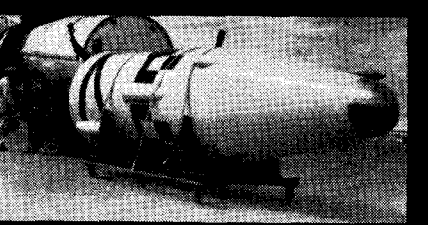
REFLECTIONS OF OUR TIME

Starting New Year's Night, the CBS Television Network will hold up its nationwide mirror to three areas of major concern to the nation's welfare – the prospects of world peace, the damaging after-effects of crime, and the obstacles facing a democracy in the competition to penetrate space. In an effort to focus public attention and understanding on these issues, they will be presented in three separate documentary programs by CBS News and will reflect the knowledge and insights of leading authorities in their fields. We believe you will find them stimulating, provocative and well worth watching.

EYEWITNESS TO HISTORY, 1959 (Friday, January 1, 9-10 pm EST). Six CBS News correspondents including Winston Burdett, Walter Cronkite, Stuart Novins, Eric Sevareid, Daniel Schorr and Howard K. Smith participate in a full-hour review of the year's major events with special emphasis on the diplomatic journeys of President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev, the long steel strike, and the revolutionary developments in Cuba.

FYI (Premiere on Sunday, January 3, 11 am). A dramatic presentation of the effects of crime as seen through a series of personal interviews with recent victims of assault, auto theft and assorted felonies and misdemeanors. It will include an analysis by Dr. Robert Wagner of the Central Islip State Hospital of the corrosive influence on society resulting from the growing incidence of crime in the nation. Narrated by Douglas Edwards.

CBS REPORTS (Wednesday, January 6, 10-11 pm). "The Space Lag: Can A Democracy Compete?," a controversial, "no-holds-barred" discussion by the country's leading military, civilian and scientific experts concerning the obstacles besetting the national effort to achieve a successful program in missile defense and space exploration. Among the participants are Lt. Gen. Bernard Schriever, Keith Glennan, Dr. Herbert York, Dr. Simon Ramo, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy Trevor Gardner, Major General John B. Medaris and Representative Chet Holifield (D. Calif.)



CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TOIL AND TROUBLE

HARVEY SWADOS's article "Work as a Public Issue [*SR*, Dec. 12] has incensed me to a point of taking issue without, probably, thoroughly digesting it. I only paused long enough to look up "Work" in the dictionary, which led me to "Labor" and "Toil." Has Mr. Swados followed the same routine? Where did the idea creep in that it had to be pleasant? Is monotony synonymous with automation? How about turning out enough homespun on a handloom to clothe a family? How about three meals a day and the dishes? Didn't Michelangelo probably get bored and develop a crick in his neck painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel?

I think that Mr. Swados is a victim of "the cajoling of an advertising culture" that he deplores, and I can't help but believe that most of his fellow-workers on the assembly line were more in tune with reality. Naturally, they didn't like to work. Who does? But who is more bored than those who have nothing they "have to do"?

Doesn't the dedication of our "American way" to the "pursuit of happiness" imply its rarity? Who has been completely happy yet and for how long?

MARION HOWES.

San Diego, Calif.

A MUST FOR MANAGEMENT?

TO THOSE who say of the steel workers, "How foolish of them to strike; no matter how much of an increase they get, they'll never make up what they have lost," I can now point to Harvey Swados's article. A man who hates his work is much more ready to strike than one who enjoys it. As for the issue of work rules, or featherbedding, the more one hates one's work, the more featherbedding one wants.

I used to do unskilled factory work during my college vacations and well remember my attempts to stretch a ten-minute rest period to something closer to an hour. Alas, my foreman jumped on me and I had to settle for little more than fifteen minutes! I counted it a crime if I could not read at least one paperback book during the course of a work week. Indeed, the paperback industry may well have an economic stake in the kind of work rules that permit the bored worker to find a few minutes of leisure to read in the washroom, safe from the prying eye of his supervisor.

Anyway, I think that Swados's excellent article could well be made required reading for all on the management side of the steel and other labor disputes.

PETER B. DENISON.

Somerset, Mass.

THE AUDIENCE WAS A SUCCESS

TO ARTHUR KNIGHT the Russian film "The Cranes Are Flying" [*SR*, Dec. 12] may seem "somewhat stodgy, somewhat old-fashioned." But when I saw it in a tiny upstairs movie theatre in Moscow in the summer of 1957, surrounded by the people who had lived through the tragedy of the story on the screen, I was deeply moved. Although the heroine's sweetheart and parents are killed in the war, the film ends on a note of hope—the cranes flying gracefully overhead as they had in the beginning of the picture.

When the lights came on in the theatre everyone in the audience was weeping. To these Russian people it was their life, their death. To them it was not a ninety-minute retreat from reality, but a reliving of the grief, of the suffering they can never forget. Like Mr. Knight, I thought the film impressive—but it is the audience I can never forget.

GAIL TWEED.

Long Beach, Calif.

"It seems to me you've been smoking more and enjoying it less."

INHUMAN EQUATION?

GRANVILLE HICKS appears to be in complete agreement with the pessimism of Faulkner and with Faulkner's opinion that men are merely poor "sons of bitches" [SR, Nov. 14] . . . This compassion of theirs would be very consoling, assuming their opinion of man is correct. Indeed, what else could any of us feel for man under these conditions? However, perhaps their opinion is wrong, as I choose to think.

I wish that Mr. Hicks would kindly speak only for himself when equating human beings to dogs, until the time when he can prove otherwise.

FRED BURY.

Minneapolis, Minn.

LIFE AND LETTERS

WILL SOMEONE please tell me what is meant by a "dear editor" sort of person, mentioned so disdainfully in your letters column of December 12? For those who may fall within the definition, and since none of us can see ourselves as others see us, it would be enlightening to get the picture.

To me, the editor is a Very Important Person in our country. In his hands he holds our abilities to be enlightened and responsible citizens. Without a free press and an enlightened editorial policy which respects the right of the people to complete and accurate news coverage and freedom to comment, our form of government is a lost cause.

Dear editors, may you defend the "right to say it" as well as encourage readers to exercise the privilege. Our way of life depends upon that.

JENNIE BRATLEY.

Gainesville, Fla.

MARITAL MIXUP

THE NEPALESE have enough conflicting stories to confuse them now, and for their sake I would like to say that the story in your TRADE WINDS column of November 21, which stated I was secretly married to Prince Himalaya, contains a rather serious error.

The prince in question is Basundhara Bir Bikram Shah. Prince Himalaya is Prince Basundhara's brother and very happily married to Princess Princep.

D'LYNN WALDRON.

London, Eng.

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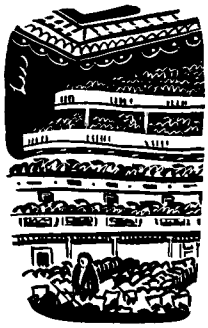
MUSIC TO MY EARS

Nilsson Brings Life to Isolde (and v.v.)

"AT LAST," Willa Cather has a fictional character say as the first act falls on the effort of a Swedish Wagnerian singer new to the Metropolitan, "somebody with *enough!* Enough voice and talent and beauty, enough physical power. And such a noble, noble style!" It was Olive Fremstad, the great Isolde of another day, whom Cather was mirroring in "The Song of the Lark" (1915). But it could as well have been Birgit Nilsson whose Metropolitan debut in a new production of "Tristan und Isolde" proclaimed her a singer with all the "enoughs" Wagner requires and Cather admired.

Each of the three acts of "Tristan" has its hazards and challenges, but when Nilsson had raged and scorned, hated in anguish and melted in affection through but one act, the audience at this Opera Guild benefit had no doubt they had met an Isolde whose living, loving, and dying they would cherish not only for the two acts to come, but for years. They brought the ensemble out for bow after bow, and bravoed imploringly to Nilsson, who smiled in pleasure. Eventually the calls narrowed to individuals: first the Brangaene (Irene Dalis), then the Tristan (Karl Liebl). The audience was cordial to both of these, but when Nilsson came through the curtain in blondness (hair) and blueness (gown), they literally threw their thanks to her in a welcome such as no singer has received here since Ljuba Welitsch's debut as Salome a dozen years ago.



New as Nilsson and the Metropolitan were to each other, it was virtually love at first flight. In some smaller theatres the voice, for all its power, had sounded constrained, hemmed in. Here it bloomed in all its bigness, aided in no small measure by the painstaking, artful, work of Karl Boehm (who became the conductor when Otto Klemperer's health prevented his participation). She was, technically, the laughing mistress of every difficulty, turn, and nuance of the intricate score, with a mezza voce of lovely vibrance and ring (equal, as in the love duet, to the average soprano's full output). When required, she has a kind of vocal overdrive at her command, which fills the house from wall to wall and surmounts, through thrust and airborne resonance, anything even the "Tristan" orchestra can produce. This tends to be a harsh sound (almost frightening in its volume), and I suspect that as time goes by Miss Nilsson will

resort to it less, utilizing the cherishable intermediate sound. (One might be called her "Brünnhilde voice," the other her "Isolde voice.")

But none of this would matter much (Anny Konetzni had as big, if not as good, a sound) were it not mated to a conception not only visually attractive and dramatically clean, but as intelligent as it is appealing. Her Isolde is always a Princess (with a capital P), one with fury in her veins for being scorned by Tristan, but with an equal capacity for love when it is requited. She gave an intimation of things to come, during the Narrative, with as lovely a singing of "Seines Elendes jammerte mich" (her description of Tristan's woe when she was tempted to avenge Morold's death) as one could imagine. Her transition from the bitter mood to the sweet showed how well she had invested her time since singing Agathe in "Freischütz" in 1946. (Miss Nilsson's age is her own secret to reveal or conceal, but she *is* slightly older than Flagstad was at her New York debut.)

Herbert Graf's staging, after many previous experiments, has arrived at a simple plastic statement for each of the three acts, which complemented and/or underlined all the "enoughs" Nilsson had to offer. How the blond wig of act I turned to henna for acts II and III, I don't pretend to know, and her third act entrance could be improved. But as a musical, artistic, poetic accomplishment, it opened vistas of Wagnerian things to come (not to mention Verdi, Puccini, and Mozart) on the order of breathtaking. Lauritz Melchior (whose presence would have graced this occasion) once attempted to characterize the two great Isoldes of his time by saying: "Flagstad's voice is like a shining diamond, Traubel's voice is like a beautiful ruby." Let us say, for the while, that Nilsson's has an emerald's glint and magnetism.

The drama, and the results of the occasion, were heightened by the inability of Ramon Vinay to perform, and his replacement by Karl Liebl (who had the advantage of final rehearsals, including the "dress"). When last heard at the Metropolitan, Liebl was a small-voiced Lohengrin, not the best recommendation for a Tristan-to-be. But he exceeded all expectations through his sure knowledge of the part, good dramatic presence, and vocal line that was really tenor rather than made-over baritone. When the requirements were within his dynamic range, there was lyric line and sensitivity in his sound, a believable counterpart to Isolde's. At other times it vanished from audibility, especially in Act III (from which much of the "raving" had been cut). His vocal "nerve" failed him in some exposed, delicate moments of "Sink'hernieder," but there is good reason to believe he will sing them better with the confidence of this achievement behind him.

Under the stimulation of the aural adrenalin provided by Nilsson, well-controlled by the sensitive hand of Boehm, the other participants rose to levels hitherto beyond them. Dalis sang and acted a more than respectable Brangaene (a little lacking in physical stature, but musically gratifying), Walter Cassel made a swaggering figure of

Kurvenal while singing the part with more thrust if less tugging-at-the-heart-strings than some past performers (Schorr, Berglund, Whitehill), and Paul Franke was a touching Shepherd. With all his assets, Jerome Hines should be a great rather than a good King Marke. His "Lament" was voiced in the fatherly tone of Pogner rather than in the searing, bitter condemnation of a Hotter or Kipnis. There were a hundred other good reasons for this performance to be applauded—each provided by the individuals of the orchestra, who outdid themselves.

If the scenic production designed by

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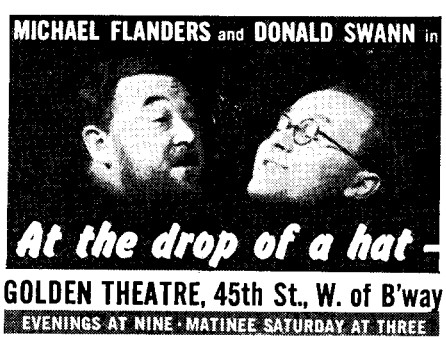
Teo Otto is not among them, it relates more to execution than conception, I suspect. The elegant ship of Act I (the most successful of the three designs) bears some subtle touches suggestive of its regal purpose, and the autumnal glow of Act III complements the mood and color of the music. But the minute "tree" of this picture is neither realistic nor stylized; likewise the "garden" of Act II, with its prosaic, cold formality and unattractive "castle." Doubtless Otto has *seen* the second act of "Tristan," but this set hardly suggests he has ever heard it. No matter, Nilsson is

able, Boehm is able, and "Tristan" is alive again. Or as Willa Cather said in 1915—"at last somebody with *enough.*"

The week, otherwise, was devoid of musical moment, if not of "moments musicaux." Among them was Eugene Ormandy's over-sized performance with the Philadelphia Orchestra of the first three parts of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," a Bach program by the Philharmonic in which Leonard Bernstein permitted the president and assistant manager of the orchestra to join him in the concerto for three pianos (the greatest demonstration of how to win friends and curry favor since the aforementioned Philadelphia Orchestra performed a work by its manager, Harl MacDonald, for its harpist, Edna Philips, with program notes by her husband, a member of the orchestra's board of directors), and the first of three concerts in which Igor Stravinsky is participating. This one, in Town Hall, provided two "works" of less than a minute in length—"Epitaphium" and a "Double Canon" in memory of Raoul Dufy—each solemnly labeled "first performance" and a composer-conducted "Les Noces," in which the pianists were Samuel Barber, Aaron Copland, Lukas Foss, and Roger Sessions. It was a bad week for both Baldwin and Steinway.

—Irving Kolodin.


MICHAEL FLANDERS and DONALD SWANN in
At the drop of a hat –
GOLDEN THEATRE, 45th St., W. of B'way
EVENINGS AT NINE · MATINEE SATURDAY AT THREE

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

What Won't Make "Charlie" Run

THE NOTION of a virile man suddenly turned into a lovely woman presents fascinating possibilities both for comedy and for a delving into the essence of masculinity, femininity, and attraction between the sexes. With **"Goodbye Charlie,"** George Axelrod takes a fling at doing something with this idea, but is apparently betrayed by a number of confusions in his approach. As a successful writer of sexy farces with arbitrarily moral endings, he makes the mistake of applying this formula to a thoroughly unsavory protagonist, and to a catastrophically unromantic set of circumstances.

The play begins with a bit of satire as we see the funeral service of Charlie Sorrell—an unscrupulous Hollywood writer who, like Sammy Glick, had only one virtue, a vitality that women found irresistible. This service is attended, reluctantly, only by Charlie's lawyer, his agent, and his tax-man, and the funeral oration is a halting attempt by George Tracy, a former friend, to find something nice to say about "the sonofabitch."

Then the play explodes its bomb. Charlie's spirit appears in a woman's body (it is suggested that this is a divinely inflicted punishment) and the rest of the evening is spent showing us how the high-heel shoe might reshape the low-heel soul.

We do not question the reincarnation, as much as we do the rapacious Charlie's change of nature. Indeed, later in the play, Mr. Axelrod seems to redescribe his character as he reveals Charlie as "your friendly loved, needed, and wanted dealer," who gets woman to fall unilaterally in love with him and impresses them by urging them to read certain "must" books that in actuality he himself has never read.

But the main flaw is the failure to exploit audience reaction to a special situation. For every time George finds himself drifting toward romantic involvement with the retooled Charlie, he and the audience recoil in horror at the thought of physical relationship between a man and a male personality in a female container. A first-rate playwright would instantly challenge George and the audience with what this reaction indicates about us and society.

But both in his writing and his direction, Mr. Axelrod has concentrated on trivial embroidery. He can, for instance, make an amusing thing out of the way a progressively inebriated hostess mixes Martinis.

Yet his guidance does more for the actors than it does for the playwright. The deep-voiced Lauren Bacall emerges as a real trouper who resists any temptation to be alluring and simply plays the coarse masculinity of the dybbuk inside her. Sydney Chaplin, who as George has the unenviable task of feigning embarrassment again and again, also must be praised for his persistence. And Sarah Marshall is telling as one of Charlie's ex-mistresses.

Yet there are just not enough hilarious situations to act, and the audience's horror at the thought of a romance between the two leading characters is fatal to the play's light constitution. "Goodbye Charlie" turns out to be neither the pleasant farce one expects, nor the provocative comedy it never dared essay.

HARRY BELAFONTE is giving a pleasant one-man show at the Palace Theatre, in which he sings well an assortment of the songs we all associate with him. If his program seems to have less dramatic impact than the similarly shaped recital offered earlier this season by Yves Montand, it may be that the trouble ironically lies in Mr. Belafonte's greatest virtue. For this extraordinarily handsome young man always seems to be in search of an identity he has not quite located, and this very private search is not sufficiently integrated with his attempts to fulfill conventional demands for extroverted performance.

The star has been assisted by Ralph Alswang's ingeniously designed set of screens against which images that reinforce the mood of each song are projected. The result is that every so often we feel that the singer is in touch with some bygone memory. This happens both in the nostalgic "Jamaica Farewell" and a rhythmically sarcastic rendering of "It may seem very funny, but we never made much money, in them there cotton fields down south." Someday, I hope, someone will write a real good musical for the talented Mr. Belafonte. In the meantime, he'll continue to make much money in personal appearances like this here one.

—Henry Hewes.

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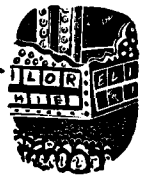

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Eating People Is Wrong

THAT delightful English duo, Flanders and Swann, chant a ditty titled "The Reluctant Cannibal" in their current revue, "At the Drop of a Hat." Its moral, as repeatedly stated in the refrain, is simply that "eating people is wrong," a thesis that is generally supported by theatregoers these days. Symptomatically, Tennesee Williams in **"Suddenly, Last Summer,"** based on the longer of the two plays that originally made up "The Garden District" on the stage, assumes no such stance. To him, apparently, cannibalism is at best "interesting"—useful as a symbolic revelation of the face of God that he can employ for shock effect at the climax of a script that involves, also without any overt disapprobation, not only perversion, but a mother who proudly acts as procuress for her son's abnormal appetites. In fact, the only character that Mr. Williams seems to find thoroughly reprehensible in his screenplay (written with Gore Vidal) is a young man with the bad taste to wear an inherited wardrobe in the presence of the deceased's mother.

The success that Williams has enjoyed during the past decade suggests that audiences no longer turn to the theatre for moral values and spiritual gratification. They are drawn, rather, by a fascination with the strange, the remote, the special. They respond to characters with the dimensions of reality who momentarily illuminate the darker corners of the world. Illuminate, it should be noted, without imposing any demands for pity, approbation, or condemnation. Whether the wider motion picture audience can be counted upon to display this same objectivity (one hesitates to use the word maturity) remains to be seen. But one can only commend producer Sam Speigel for providing in his latest film such an admirable test case. To top writing talent he has added a superb cast, headed by Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn. To design his production, he brought in Oliver Messel, a man preternaturally sensitive to settings and costumes as a means of capturing mood and atmosphere; and as director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with perhaps the sharpest ear in Hollywood for the nuances of dialogue.

All of them have performed at the peak of their abilities. Elizabeth Taylor, as the beleaguered heroine of a New Orleans nightmare, works with an intensity beyond belief; hers is unquestionably one of the finest performances of this or any year. Katharine Hepburn uses every ounce of the Hepburn charm (and every one of the Hepburn mannerisms) to make her portrait of an egocentric matron and too-doting mother ring true. The settings, alternating between the documentary-like austerity of a mental institution and the lush, hothouse atmosphere of a Garden District mansion, support the mounting horror of the story at every turn. And Mankiewicz, particularly in his telling of the flashback to "last summer," with Miss Taylor's face superimposed over the dread events, has given vivid, cinematic life to every facet of Williams's play. It is, in short, a wholly admirable rendering into film of a work that is at once fascinating and nauseating, brilliant and immoral. Its reception at the box office unquestionably will have an important bearing on the future of "adult" films in this country.

MORE in keeping with the Yuletide spirit are the comedies, musicals, and cartoon features popping up these days. Best and brightest of these is **"Operation Petticoat,"** two hours of sophisticated nonsense concocted by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin (who wrote "Pillow Talk" earlier this year), and starring Cary Grant and Tony Curtis, abetted by a pink submarine. It's another of those service comedies—the mishaps of a submarine commander trying to rejoin the fleet after Pearl Harbor—but written with a healthy eye for the ridiculous, an appetite for irreverence, and an instinct for verbal humor that cannily skirts the edge of taste without ever becoming offensive. Part of this, no doubt, is due to the charm and precision of Grant's performance, and part to Blake Edward's brisk, resourceful direction. But there's no dodging the fact that the situations themselves are terribly funny, particularly when a bevy of pulchritudinous nurses is added to the ship's quivering complement. And Tony Curtis as a brash, scrounging, woman-chasing second officer proves again that he can be as happy in comedy as in his more familiar swashbuckling roles.

"Li'l Abner," the season's big musical, fails to improve upon the tawdry Broadway show on which it is based. Slick and commercial, it is as colorful as Al Capp's famous comic strip—and even more two-dimensional. And UPA, which has provided such cartooned delights as "Gerald McBoing-Boing" and "Madeleine," unfortunately comes a cropper with its first feature, **"1001 Arabian Nights."** The nearsighted Mr. Magoo is the star of this heavy-handed fantasy, but his chronic irritability and single-track humor wear thin when stretched over eighty minutes; and the Disneyish plot and song numbers that weave around his appearances lack both charm and conviction in the hands of the UPA staff. Just as you can't out-Hollywood Hollywood, neither can you beat Disney at his own game—and UPA was foolish to try. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 863

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 863 will be found in the next issue.

KQ ANY CXAAFY BO YGKZAYQMY, AXFYQA KZ ANY LTQMN; AXMA KZ ANY MFYDYS OBBAEBSR.

—EKFZBQ PKWQYS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 862

Jazz will endure just as long as people hear it through their feet instead of their brains.

—JOHN P. SOUSA.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Abroad in Iberia

SEVILLE.

THE sun was playing an in and out game the other wintry Sunday as we fled across southern Portugal en route to the Spanish border and Seville, which lay 154 kilometers beyond it. Past the window sped the white Moorish houses, square and simple except for a gaudy *trompe l'oeil* facade in startling colors. Palms and olive trees, wagons and burros, and always the village matrons in their men's style black felt fedoras pulled down over their ears, a fashion akin to the Indian women of Peru. The roads are faultless and sure, trim and unpitted, as they had been from Lisbon across to Setubal and down the highway that runs north and south, just inland from Portugal's Atlantic coast. At Lagos we had turned east and were running now along the extreme southern coast of Europe before it reaches Gibraltar. Tucked away in these fishing villages is the beginning of a Portuguese Riviera or a Costa Brava with green countryside and a mild climate, but only, as yet, the scantiest assortment of hotels.

We reached the eastern limits of Portugal at Villa Real de Sao Antonio. I had expected a red and white Portuguese barrier, then a no man's land, and on the other side the familiar patent leather turned-up hats of the Spanish Guardia Civil. Instead the road ran out at the edge of the Rio Guadiana, and of course there was no bridge. Spain was on the other side. How could I expect a bridge, the driver quite reasonably asked me, when Lisbon as yet has no bridge across the mouth of the Tagus? Lisbon at least has regular ferry boat service to the community that is burgeoning on its eastern shore. Here at Vila Real de Santo Antonio, they run two ferries a day, at eleven and at four. It was half past twelve and there was nothing to do then but charter a special boat, which turned out to be the ferry itself. The cost of this magnificence is a flat two dollars, a sum which sends the grizzled captain and two mates into action and brings half a dozen citizens in Sunday best down to the wharf to transfer the baggage. It is all a rather heady experience for two dollars and I would recommend such a charter to anyone with delusions of grandeur and limited funds.

The town of Ayamonte represents Spain on the opposite shore. In a commendable economy of staff, the entire customs and immigration procedure was handled by one businesslike gent in a business suit who also offered to change our money. We agreed immediately to the convenience of this arrangement and turned over some Portuguese escudos, which after he had turned his back to us to count out the money, he exchanged at the rate of two pesetas to each escudo. This exchange delighted Emilio, our Portuguese driver who had decided to make the journey with us to Seville, and was indicative to him of the superiority of all things Portuguese over anything Spanish. Actually the rate would have been slightly better had we traded dollars for pesetas, an exchange which has now reached a true level at 60 to one.

WE boarded an elderly Spanish Seat, a cousin of the Italian Fiat, and went bustling off to Seville, ninety-seven miles distant. One of the last bullfights of the season was scheduled to start at four and we were urged by Spanish friends, who had come down to pick us up, not to miss it. The Seat roared off at a tidy clip in an effort to make the corrida, but Franco's Andalusian roads are somewhat less an *autobahn* than those of Salazar, the one-man ruler of the land we had just left. The springs of the Seat were only a memory and the pits in the road would have provided shelter for a Sherman tank, a combination which sent me crashing into the steel roof time after time and rendered me before we had progressed very far, as intelligent of visage as the late Ben Turpin. We paused only briefly at Huelva as a surcease from the bumps and to get some lunch for Emilio, who vowed that next time he would follow our lead and eat an eggs-and-bacon breakfast as we had done instead of a continental roll and coffee. From a disdaining comparison between the Portuguese roads and the Spanish ones, Emilio switched in the bistro in Huelva to a contempt for Spanish standards of sanitation. Indeed, the men at the bar were standing instep-deep in shrimp shells. Uniced and unshucked, the shrimps lay in a barside bowl, an Andalusian free lunch. Emilio tried one and surreptitiously deposited it in his napkin. "No excuse for being dirty," he said. I recalled how I had looked upon him with some awe a few days earlier when, in a Portuguese bar in Santiago de Cacem, he had swept away the flies that danced over a similar bowl of Portuguese shrimp and had munched with great relish three or four, shell and all.

We came bouncing into Seville in jig time, past the wonderful rolling brown fields of olive trees. Mingling among the gnarled trunks, waiting for D Day, were the brave, black bulls. We dropped our bags at the hotel and headed straight for the bull ring. Rain began to fall as we bought our tickets and by the time we were fighting our way through the crowds it was pouring handsomely. Emilio, who had escorted us through three days of Portuguese rain the previous week, had some choice words for the Spanish weather.

As for the corrida it turned out to be an outing for children who were aspiring to be matadors. Dozens of them, it seemed to me, crowded in to the ring at the same time, all of them with capes, all trying mightily to draw the young bulls into a succession of passes. Some young daredevils dropped to their knees to execute the difficult *Veronica Rodillas* which requires twirling the cape over one's head. Clowns pulled the bull's tail, others rode its back, and although students stuck the banderilla the sword work was left to the instructors. It was a muddy track and it was a wonder to me that no one was killed besides the hapless bulls.

TEA in the incredible confines of the Alfonso XIII Hotel was something of a consolation after the ragged, wet day. The huge rooms, brimming with plush, were warmed by portable electric heaters and the service is not merely brisk, but well nigh overwhelming. Well it might be, for the Austrian manager Leonardo Koidl marches his bellboys back and forth across the patio, and when the waiters grow lax he has been known to drill them too. I'm not sure the American unions would appreciate these institutions, nor for that matter, the hotel's book of fines levied for infractions of discipline. A delinquent employee is simply laid off for three days, and if he is twice convicted he is fired. Despite these seemingly harsh regulations, the hotel has a certain air of fantasy about it for it was built in so-called Andalusian style with certain frills of Spanish baroque and busy influences of the Moors. The effect is a hopeless gingerbread that

Coming January 9th
SR's
EIGHTH ANNUAL WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR ISSUE

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is charming and unforgettable. Arches loop everywhere, and as if someone might miss them, they are lined with bare bulbs which glow at night like Picadilly marquees.

The Alfonso XIII was built in 1929 for the opening of the Hispano-American Exhibition, when Alfonso himself, for whom it was named, sat on the edge of the patio and signed a paper declaring the hotel open. He lived upstairs in Room 173 where the portal is marked to this day by a crown. At the same time, another hotel, the Cristina, named for Alfonso's mother, Maria Cristina of Austria, was opened across the Puerta Jerez, a big open square crisscrossed by trolley cars. It is the habit of travelers, especially in the heavy summer months, to cross the square to see the flamenco dances which are staged in the cellar. In the interest of cultural exchange it behooves the Spanish State Tourist Department to see that the quality of flamenco is improved. One has the impression after a subterranean evening under the Puerta Jerez that Greco and Iglesias are draining off the best talent and spiriting it off to the U.S.

UNFORTUNATELY for the Cristina, nobody realized the tourist potential of Spain and Seville, and after the 1929 Exhibition was over, many of the rooms were converted into apartments which were then rented for $20 a month. Hotel rooms are now at a premium in Seville, but the tenants (including bull fighter Juan Belmonte) are inextricably entrenched and the rents are frozen. New apartments on the far side of the river are being let for $50 a month, an outrageous price in Seville. My guide was explaining to me the other day that he has been living in the same apartment all his married years, which number twenty-six. In that time his rent has gone up from forty-five pesetas a month to fifty-six pesetas for a flat that includes two sleeping rooms, a dining room, kitchen, and bath, located about five minutes from the Alfonso XIII. With the peseta now pegged at sixty to the dollar, life in Seville from the American economic point of view has its advantages. For our guide, it still presents problems. Whereas he used to give his wife 150 pesetas for food each month, he now must give her 100 pesetas a day, a fund on which she feeds a family of four.

The prices that will greet the tourist in Seville seem to me to be scaled to the Americans who in summer account for 70 per cent of all the travelers who register at the Alfonso XIII. During the famed Seville Fair each spring, when the hotel rates rise about 30 per cent, the house nationality count usually registers about 40 per cent American, 20 per cent South American, 30 per cent Spanish, and 10 per cent for the rest of Europe. The owner of one souvenir shop which sells the usual Seville assortment—tiles, mantillas, inlaid Arab style tables, linens, gold embossed wallets, and bullfight posters of that fateful date when Manolete was gored to death in the scrubby town of Linares—pulled out plans for a sixty-room hotel he is building, to be ready next summer.

At that rate, an antique dealer named El Moro could conceivably construct a whole new Hilton in the aged streets of Seville. El Moro, a character of threadbare genility and a big moon face, wears a cluster of gray curls on the back of his head and a goatee on his chin. A thick gold link bracelet dangles from a wrist, visible when he removes his soft hands from his sleeves. El Moro's shop on the Alvarez Quintero is a jamboree of antiquities, and since he owns the place outright, he will consider any bid on an old chest or an ancient screen no matter how outrageous. If nothing catches your eye in the Langley Collier assortment on the Alvarez Quintero he will take you off on a short walk, shuffling over the cobbles in his carpet slippers to his sister's magnificent house in the old ghetto. Sarcophagi and alleged Tintorettos are freely intermingled here, in the entranceway, in the Arab courtyard, and in the chambers upstairs. Not the least of the delights is the house itself, which El Moro insists he will one day make fit to live in if he can only unload enough antiques. I must say he makes you feel as if you ought to help the poor man and haul away what your pocket will allow.

I DID not visit the Alcazar on this occasion, having crawled through it before (*SR*, July 19, 1958), but I did have a look at another house as handsome as El Moro's, filled with as many treasures and tenanted as well. A knowledgeable guide and a few pesetas to the doorkeeper will breach the entrance to the town house of the late Countess de Lebrija behind Sierpes St. at Cuna #18. The good condesa's olive plantation, near the Roman town of Italica outside Seville, yielded not only olives, but a marvelous collection of mosaics, many of which were cut like topsoil, rolled and removed to the town house where they adorn the floors to this day. Filigreed arches lead to the patios where sinuous ferns blow like charmed snakes in the mild winter breezes.

Huge date palms grow out of the small enclave of greenery, and jasmine and bougainevillea climb among the tiles sealed into the walls. Like all of Seville, the orange trees are heavy with oranges in the middle of winter and the magnolia tree in the courtyard is a deep green remembrance of southern lands everywhere.

So much was recovered from the trove under the olive trees that cases of Roman coins line the corridors, not to mention cases of ancient crystal that shines with the patina of the chinaware known as Spanish luster. Yellow, blue, and white tiles line a stairway that measures 120 feet from the floor to the dome at the top. The floor is a maze of a dozen kinds of marble, and a tapestry with the family coat of arms hangs from a wall.

WHAT'S to become of the place no one knows, although it is said that the state will buy it one day and turn it into a museum. So much of Seville is a museum anyway. The only occupant of the vast house is the grandson of the old Countess, the Count of Bustillo, who, if you can imagine a grandson at that age, is seventy years old. Of the seven servants who attend him, the doorkeeper has been pushing the massive front portal for thirty-five years. He is, however, not the oldest employee. That title is worn with considerable dignity by a housemaid recently turned eighty-seven, who first joined the staff when she was nineteen. "We have rather a different concept from your life in the United States," my guide explained to me carefully.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Seville Fair—The spring spectacle brings a forty per cent influx of Americans, a thirty per cent increase in prices.

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TV AND RADIO

Revlon's Second Revolution

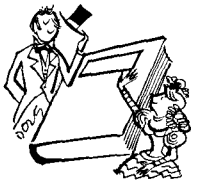
THE Revlon cosmetics people, who have recently found themselves on the wrong end of the questions as a result of their sponsorship of the big-stake quiz shows, have finally come up with something else altogether in "Tonight with Belafonte," the recent Christmas season special on CBS. The show was a timely effort to restore the reputation of the wounded TV medium.

In sponsoring this one-time Harry Belafonte program, Revlon did several good things. First, it made possible one more rare exposure of the family-time TV audience to the captivating personality of this gifted singer of American Negro and Caribbean folk songs. Second, Revlon reputedly permitted Mr. Belafonte and his own professional associates to shape and execute their program exclusively accordingly to their preferences. Third, the sponsor omitted all middle commercials. The result of this last action, taken in the Christmas spirit, was to win for Revlon a surprised and delighted universal approval, well calculated to diminish the consequences of the integrity-padded isolation booths on the ill-fated twin Revlon programs, "Question" and "Challenge." It is obvious to anyone who has been aware of Harry Belafonte's career that here is a performer who has convictions about the life he imitates and the art with which he does it. I was unprepared, nevertheless, for the total excellence of Belafonte and his supporting company in their TV rendition of traditional and less familiar songs based on chain-gang, jailhouse, church, backyard, and cemetery.

Working in pools of light, or against architecturally simple backgrounds of eloquent pictorial composition, Belafonte and his singers, musicians, and dancers moved from graphics to actuals, from comic to dramatic moods, with an economy of words and with rhythm, power, and unfailing good taste. Unfortunately for Revlon, however, the straightforward, unpretentious dignity of the world of the Negro folk-song, as vitally interpreted by the Belafonte group, contrasted sharply with the artificial elegance of the opening and closing commercials. A high-fashion lady salesman, in a cosmetic salon, perfumed wall to wall with soft, aromatic sell, pitched compacts to the women in the audience, and "implements" in cases to the men. Amid black tie and long gown she moved, pricing and cooing, "Deep down he likes cologne; and he likes a woman who notices it." Ordinarily the breathless, exotic coquetry of the cosmetic ads merges imperceptibly into the banalities of the programs with which they are packaged in fragrant togetherness. Back to back with Belafonte it was no soap.

ALREADY it is written in lipstick: if television is now willing to give us the bite instead of the bland, Belafonte without middle commercials is merely the beginning. The pitch itself will have to be lifted above the plateaus of blandishment and deceit to levels where it will not embarrass the better programs. Therein lies the hammer of the headache Revlon may have handed the industry a second time: how can you sell pills, nostrums, smokes, Cokes, and multiple shades of fingernail polish competitively and unoffensively to theoretically progressing sensibilities? It has been subversively alleged that sponsors secretly conspire to keep programming at uncritical levels, lest an audience, taught by sharper shows to think for itself, should throw off its hypnotic chains and stop buying. Revlon may have brought us to the brink of the test. We may find that the sponsors really can't stand the heady wine of consistently good programming because it makes their commercials look bad. Conversely, the Revlon brothers may someday be hailed as the benefactors who forced the industry into the wilderness only that it might finally be led to fulfill its great promise—to be, at the same time, a salesman and an artist of unusual distinction.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MATCHES MADE WHILE YOU READ

Column One below pairs heroes and heroines of a dozen English, Russian, and American novels. Faye Chilcote Walker of Columbus, Ohio, lists in Column Two the scrambled titles of the novels, with the names of their authors thrown in, and asks you to assign the correct couples to the correct stories. Answers on page 36.

1. Newland Archer
   May Welland
2. Peter Grineff
   Maria Ivanovna
3. Parris Mitchell
   Elise Sandor
4. Gerrit Ammidon
   Nettie Vollar
5. Julian West
   Edith Leete
6. Hugh Conway
   Miss Brinklow
7. Robert Merrick
   Helen Hudson
8. Dorothea Brooke
   Will Ladislaw
9. Reuben Butler
   Jeanie Deans
10. Stephen Brice
    Virginia Carvel
11. Frederic Henry
    Catherine Barkley
12. Valentine Brown
    Phoebe Throssel

( ) "A Farewell to Arms"
By Ernest Hemingway

( ) "Quality Street"
By James M. Barrie

( ) "The Magnificent Obsession"
By Lloyd C. Douglas

( ) "The Age of Innocence"
By Edith Wharton

( ) "Lost Horizon"
By James Hilton

( ) "The Captain's Daughter
By Alexander Pushkin

( ) "King's Row"
By Henry Bellamann

( ) "Java Head"
By Joseph Hergesheimer

( ) "Looking Backward"
By Edward Bellamy

( ) "Middlemarch"
By George Eliot

( ) "The Heart of Midlothian"
By Sir Walter Scott

( ) "The Crisis"
By Winston Churchill

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Plaint of the Overprotected Man

*"**Life in the Crystal Palace,**" by Alan Harrington (Knopf. 263 pp. $4.50), storms against the coddling and togetherness of the large corporation. Vance Packard, who frequently comments on the vagaries of twentieth-century America, is the author of "The Status Seekers."*

By Vance Packard

ALAN HARRINGTON has set out in this book to dissect the accommodation that modern man has made to the modern corporation. His analysis —made after he had spent four years serving in his particular Crystal Palace —adds to our understanding of what the corporation is doing to the people who occupy its gleaming offices. In its quiet, pleasant way this is a most unsettling book.

The Crystal Palace, Mr. Harrington makes clear, is in many respects the embodiment of man's dream of a Good Life. His particular palace was a magnificent structure on a hilltop. Music by Muzak wafted through the halls at quarter-hour intervals. During lunch hour he had his choice of attending a movie in the auditorium, browsing in the company library, watching TV, or frolicking in the game room.

His security for the future was assured to a degree that would have seemed fantastic two decades ago. He was protected by fine pension, medical insurance, and stock-investment plans.

So complete was his security (in the company's public relations department) that he concluded it was almost impossible to get oneself fired. Still he longed to break out of this paradise. "We incomplete rebels," he reported, "feel trapped in a labyrinth of benevolence." One of his fellow "incomplete rebels" confined his rebellion to putting an open ketchup bottle in the inter-office communications tube. Mr. Harrington—failing to get himself fired even after he had openly aired his restlessness in print—finally quit.

His grievances against the Crystal Palace are illuminating, and are a far cry from the earlier-day complaint that corporations were heartless exploiters. For one thing, he worried about being an overprotected man. It frightened him to find that all the marvelous benefits seemed after a year or so to become necessities of life. Inhabitants of the palace had become so chained to their property and benefits that the muscle of ambition was going slack.

Mr. Harrington also found himself worrying about the de-emphasis of individuality in the large corporation. Team play is the rule. At meetings he found associates sitting—without anyone openly suggesting it—according to rank.

Single individuals were unlikely to receive either much credit or much blame. He told of one case where a program went $7,000,000 beyond estimates and yet the man in charge of the project did not suffer any loss of prestige.

A third charge he makes is that the corporation encourages mediocrity. The Crystal Palace, he concluded, was serving as "a protective league for small talents." The administrators who got ahead were those who were usually without creative talent but instead had the talents of staying out of trouble and keeping their eye on the ball.

The dullness of life at the palace also struck Mr. Harrington as oppressive. There are no freebooters at the corporation. The corporation tames people, clips their wings. Those who stay, he says, feel a shrinkage of impulse, inventiveness, desire. "How hard it is," he writes, "for the majority of corporation men . . . to feel adventurous." His most poignant chapter deals with the fate of palace annuitants who at the age of sixty-five finally receive their deferred reward for trading independence for security. After being on a palace team for thirty or forty years, he found, it can be a stunning experience to be told you can finally seek adventure. Most, he suggests, have become unfit for the challenge, and shuffle off to their rose gardens.

As I surmise it, a fifth grievance Mr. Harrington has against the modern corporation is that it tends to rob its teammates of their self-respect. Not only are they expected to give their best for trivial products such as chewing gum, but they find themselves being hired, placed, and promoted on the basis of standards that rob them of their dignity. "We are pre-tested, pre-digested people," he asserts. To receive a job in the first place, many corporate applicants must confess their marital status, their "reasons for leaving" previous jobs, their "principal weaknesses." In some cases they must submit to simulated stress tests. And their personality may be assessed by hidden observers manning a scoring machine.

The corporation's passion for going by the book in filling jobs prevents late-blooming people from showing they have more stuff than their early beginnings would suggest. Mr. Harrington was appalled, for example, to find corporations placing an employee's "average scholastic grade" on the permanent record of the employee. And if you haven't gone to college you are virtually untouchable for a middle-level job at a corporation. Henry Ford, he pointed out, would never have gotten past the reception desk at the Crystal Palace.

"Life in the Crystal Palace" would be a more effective book if its author had not digressed so often, for anecdotal material, to experiences he had in earlier jobs outside the Crystal Palace. Still, this book should interest all who wish to know what is in ferment behind the walls of the nation's many new crystal palaces.

Gloss on the Boss

***"Men at the Top," by Osborn Elliott** (Harper. 246 pp. $4), provides a breezy overview of today's business tycoons—with whose milieu Daniel B. Moskowitz is familiar as an assistant editor of Business Week magazine who writes mostly about management activities.*

By Daniel B. Moskowitz

WANT to know for what stakes Admiral Ben Moreell plays bridge?

Want to know how much money Conrad Hilton spends in a year on clothes?

Want to know which railroad president had a mother who went deaf and had to quit her schoolteaching job and run a boardinghouse to make ends meet? Or which one ran Buffalo Bill's funeral?

It's all in "Men at the Top," presented by the managing editor of *Newsweek* in a lively style that races the reader along from board room to club to private executive plane, introducing him to the executive vice president looking for a presidency and the president looking for someone to teach him how to do his job. Beneath the froth, too, is a brief, standard, but useful consideration of what it is about a chap that turns him into a top man in Amer-

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ican business, and a spotlighting—even if no reasoned analysis—of most of the major problems that today worry these chief executives: the growing size and complexity of the organizations they head, the increasing importance of dealings with Washington, the demands of civic activities, the way to develop managers to take their places, the extent to which they should depend upon their board of directors for leadership.

In late 1958 Mr. Elliott, then his magazine's business editor, took a trip across the country interviewing the heads of major U.S. corporations; Crawford Greenewalt, Ralph Cordiner, Frederic Donner, Roger Blough, both Charles E. Wilsons, and Sam Goldwyn were among his hosts. This book is the result of that trip: a name-, quote-, and anecdote-filled overview of the business executive.

He found nothing very new. His book will be largely repetitious to regular readers of any business magazine, or of "The Organization Man," "The Executive Life," or Warner and Abegglen's "Big Business Leaders in America." These men are at the top, Elliott decided, not for the money or the power or the fame, "but because it is born within them to consider all business unfinished business." That on the way they may have had to drop old friends and, at least to some extent, family ties is reported dispassionately, with neither laments nor hozannas. Mr. Elliott doesn't even hint of disapproval when he lists the prerequisites for membership in Pittsburgh's Duquesne Club (where "new products and mergers are planned, bargaining strategy for labor negotiations is hammered out, multimillion-dollar financing arrangements are made") as including "at least nominal Christianity."

But this book has the advantage of being more glib and more intimate than any of its predecessors. It's imaginatively designed for quick reading (although the proofreading is abominable), and is full of private tales and clever phrases. (James McDonnell, for instance, who unworriedly began his own aircraft company after Henry Ford fired him for wearing knickers on the job, is here "the nonplused man in plus fours.") "Men at the Top" is probably just the ticket for one looking for an easy, enjoyable, and accurate peek into the executive suite. Perhaps he will become so interested that he will go on to read some of the myriad books that explore in more depth the business problems here raised.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 11, 12, 7, 1, 6, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10.

Ladies of Letters

Continued from page 20

so filling," she observes, "this living in the inexhaustible stream of childhood"—which perhaps is the key to Kathleen Norris's apparently inexhaustible gusto for life.

Younger than Mrs. Norris by more than a generation, Alice Tisdale Hobart has an introspective, questing turn of mind that adds depth to the vivid surface events of her memoirs. In them is revealed a woman who has found inner permanence amidst the kaleidoscopic circumstances of her life—much of it lived in an alien and exotic environment—through the deep love that has illumined her marriage, and the rewarding use of her writing talents.

Her first pilgrimage into the world carried the youthful Alice Nourse from the loving shelter of a Midwestern Baptist home to a scrimped existence as a self-supporting university student; then, a few years later, to China to visit her sister, a missionary teacher. There she met and soon married Earle Hobart, a junior executive with one of the powerful American oil companies at that time in China, and embarked on a life subject to the fantastically autocratic control of "the company." Periodically moved from post to post, frequently in revolution-seething interior regions, the couple led an often dangerous, ever-adventurous existence that spurred Alice Hobart to keep a journal of their experiences. Out of it came her first book, published in 1917, and the start of a career that has since won her considerable renown, most notably with "Oil for the Lamps of China."

Revolutionary China, always simmering in the background during the Hobarts' long sojourn, came to a decisive boil with the bloody "Nanking Incident," in which Earle played a heroic part and which indirectly led to his severing his twenty-year tie with the oil company and returning to America with his wife. The rediscovery of their native land, the trial-and-error readjustments involved in starting anew, the gradual settling down in California, these occupy the final phase of Alice Hobart's story up to this point—a story that has a quietly cumulative force as it traces an American pilgrim's progress out into the world and, at last, home again, no longer seeking permanence of place, but only of mind and heart.

A VERY HUMAN WOMAN: Eileen Bigland's partially fictionalized biography "Mary Shelley" (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4.95) is the most sympathetic interpretation of the novelist's character since Florence Marshall's "Life and Letters" (1889). The narrative is managed with the skill of an experienced novelist; situations and motives are clear and convincing. Mary emerges as a highly intelligent and very human woman, a devoted and loyal daughter, wife, mother, and friend, though endowed with traits that caused her and others to suffer. Miss Bigland is untouched by the modern tendency to abuse Mary as essentially conventional and unworthy of Shelley, a tendency for which Trelawny is mainly responsible. But in her zeal she minimizes Shelley's affection for Claire Clairmont and would lead us to think that he shared Mary's irritation with her. Though this is unsound, it is refreshing to have Claire for once in a minor role.

It is good to have books like Miss Bigland's occasionally. They entertain and inform many who will not read anything massive or noncurrent. For the scholar or serious student, however, her book, though entertaining, is quite useless. A glance at the brief bibliography will make the scholar shudder. It includes the perfectly worthless "Mary Shelley," by Richard Church, and omits almost every important book on Shelley and Mary and their circle published in the last thirty years. The standard biography by R. Glynn Grylls (1938) is included, but omitted are the "Claire Clairmont" (1939) and "Trelawny" (1950) of the same author. How today can one write an authoritative book on Mary without consulting Newman White's "Shelley" (1940), the collected Letters (1944) and Journal (1947) of Mary Shelley, the Journals and Letters of Maria Gisborne and Edward E. Williams (1951), Elizabeth Nitchie's "Mary Shelley" (1953), the only real study of Mary as an author—to mention only the most significant?

The scholar then glances at the list of Miss Bigland's many books that precedes the title page, and discovers that in addition to ten novels there are fifteen "general" books on such subjects as "The Riddle of the Kremlin," "Into China," "Journey to Egypt," George Barrow, Mrs. Trollope, and Lord Byron. Obviously the author is one who writes well but with a minimum of preparation. The results are precisely what the scholar might expect: a lovely narrative which is informative but untrustworthy in innumerable details. To use such a book for reference as to fact or interpretation would be folly. However, Miss Bigland does not claim to have written an authoritative book, and what she set out to do she has done well. Nevertheless the serious student must also be served by the reviewer.

—Frederick L. Jones.

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The Lapins

Continued from page 25

For our committee, and for the other Americans who came to know the Ravensbrueck Lapins, the most remarkable outcome of the visit was its moral impact. These women, whose confidence in man had been shattered by the inhuman brutality they suffered in the cause of "science," little by little came to see us as friends. Letters from them and from their families testify to the establishment of a bond of human feeling that links people of differing nationalities, differing religions, differing ideologies:

- "I left part of my heart in America. . . . Tragedies and unhappiness would vanish from the earth if there were more people like you."
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- "Knowing that far away there are friends and kind hearts is an incentive to work and to live."
- "I regained my faith in people, which I had lost in Ravensbrueck. I understand that the most powerful weapon in the whole world is kindness."
- "The dream is over but I will cherish the memory of it through my whole life. Thanks to you and your friends we have felt the kindness of human hearts."
- "After her return from the United States, our mother once again had faith in humanity, knowing that there are people with generous hearts who devote their lives to easing the sufferings of others. She is a changed woman."
- "Your work transcended political problems. It brought together many people who found friends on deeper sentiments than the failures of treaties and agreements. It becomes a strong link in the humanitarian bonds that basically bind all people."

The story of the Ravensbrueck Lapins is a heartening one, marred only by one fact: They have not yet heard from the Bonn Government, which promised eight months ago that urgent consideration would be given to "possibilities of further relief."

Nor has any word that adequate compensation will be offered yet reached the more than 1,200 people who were guinea pigs in other camps.

—Caroline Ferriday.

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(Continued on page 38)

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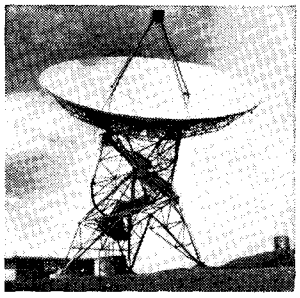

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RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE SEARCH FOR INTELLIGENT LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS

"ASTRONOMY has had three great revolutions in the past 400 years. The first was the Copernican revolution, which removed the earth from the center of the solar system and placed it 150 million kilometers away. The second occurred in 1930 when, as a result of R. J. Trumpler's work at the Lick Observatory, we realized that the solar system is not at the center of the Milky Way galaxy but 30,000 light years away from it, in a relatively dim spiral arm. The third is occurring now, and whether we want it or not, we must take part in it. This is the revolution embodied in the question: 'Are we alone in the universe?'

"Intuitively, we all think of mankind as something unique, something that exists only on earth; and that all the wonders of the universe are intended for *our* benefit and enjoyment. But the vast number of stars that must possess planets, the conclusions of many biologists that life is an inherent property of certain types of complicated molecules or aggregates of molecules, the uniformity throughout the universe of the chemical elements, the light and heat emitted by solar-type stars, and the occurrence of water not only on the earth but on Mars and Venus compel us to revise our thinking.

"In all the previous history of science, man was able to differentiate clearly between the laws that determine the properties of dead matter and those that involve the recognition of intelligence. Indirect effects of living organisms upon dead matter have, of course, been recognized for some time. We know that the great abundance of oxygen in air is of biogenic origin, as is also the composition of much of the terrestrial solid surface. And we speculate that the exceedingly low abundance of oxygen in the atmosphere of Mars precludes the existence of abundant plant life on that planet today. But I believe that we are beginning rather dimly to perceive that we ourselves are now capable of producing at will various phenomena, such as powerful sources of radio waves or brilliant atomic explosions, which could be observed from distant planets, outside the solar system. *We* must therefore incorporate into *our* theories the possible effects of the free will of *other* living organisms.

"I am not necessarily speaking of intelligent beings resembling man on distant worlds. The effects of free will could also include the cumulative phenomena of such action as the migration of animals, the seasonal flight of birds, the appearance and disappearance of species. In expressing their preference for environments in which to live, many species alter the environment. The effects of such changes produced by life on earth are easily discernible to us but they could not now be observed from a distance of many light years. Yet I feel that this question is one of principle, without much regard for what can and what cannot now be observed in the galaxy."

The speaker was Dr. Otto Struve, director of the new National Radio-astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, W. Va. He was delivering one of the 1959 series of Karl Taylor Compton Lectures at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in November. His phrasing was so quietly couched, his demeanor so calm, the atmosphere itself so controlled, that the message seemed matter-of-fact, almost commonplace. Only the scientific sophisticates among his hearers grasped what he really was suggesting. A handful at most had enough background to understand that he was struggling against going too far without falling too short of expressing what many astronomers have come to believe—that other intelligent beings share our occupancy of the cosmos, that some of them are very probably superior to us, culturally, and that our existence is suspected by if not definitely known to them. Dr. Struve had to put his words with extreme care in order to leave room for at least two possible answers to the one disputed question in current astronomical speculation: Do these distant neighbors of ours think enough of us to bother to get in touch with us, or are they convinced that talk with us wouldn't be worth their time?

The question is charged with considerable shock for those people who have taken the stars for granted while they have wondered what would be on the TV after supper. And Dr. Struve, having been an astronomer all his life, very well knew the hazards of bringing such problems within easy reach of the crowd. To those who quizzed him about it later, he wisely offered samples of his thought encompassing only as much as a curious individual would read into them.

In one extreme application of the principle he argued for, he supposed that man might be foolish enough to annihilate himself in one of the several ways at his command. Weeds would overrun his gardens, forests would engulf the roads he has gouged through the valleys and over the hills. The sources and courses of surface water would change. All this would doubtless affect the absorption of sunlight by the Earth.

Going then to an opposite extreme of life, Dr. Struve supposed that all the microscopic plankton in the oceans would disappear. The green of the sea pastures would shift to blue or another color, and light falling on the barren water conceivably could signal the ef-

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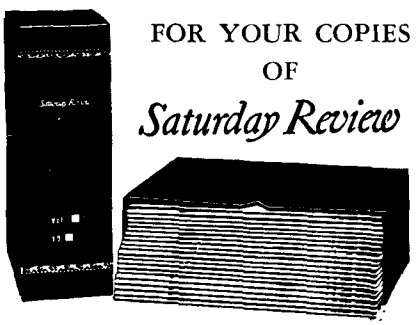

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fect to a distant observer who had been watching over a sufficiently long period to make meaningful comparisons.

Any explicit expression of what might be true, the astronomer avoided. There was no statement as supposition that a distant observer actually would be watching, but only a notation of what might be seen if an observer were there.

"Certainly at the present time," Dr. Struve said in the text of the Compton lectures, "man-made production of powerful beams of radio-radiation has produced a change in the physical properties of the Earth that could be detected from a distance of ten or twenty light years. One megawatt of power beamed in a fairly narrow cone would produce a signal strong enough to be recorded with existing receivers."

To subsequent questioners, Dr. Struve pointed out that a distant observer with the requisite degree of intelligence and technology would be aware that Earth is now emitting waves of radiation not emitted fifty years ago. He said it was also conceivable that atomic explosions set off far above the Earth might be detected at a distance through noticing of fluctuations in the Van Allen radiation belt.

But there was still no statement that the observers actually were out there.

"We must distinguish between the probability of stars other than the sun possessing families of planets, and the probability that there is intelligent life on any of these distant places," he cautioned in his formal lecture text. "Nearly all astronomers agree that probably many billions of stars in the Milky Way have planets but only a few dozen such stars are closer to us than twenty light years. The probability that a few of these outer planets have some form of life is also great. But the probability that any of them have intelligent life at the present time is exceedingly small. The probability that, even if intelligent life now exists outside the solar system but closer to us than twenty light years, any artificial radio signals are reaching us now is vanishingly small. But it is not zero, and as [Professors Philip] Morrison and [Giuseppi] Cocconi [of Cornell University] have recently stated in *Nature*, the attempt to record such signals must be made."

THIS was pure astronomer's language, and it must be translated into simple English if the rest of us are to understand it clearly. Dr. Struve was not saying that life on planets of other stars is unlikely. He was referring only to the *statistical* probability of finding life on planets of the Sun-like stars that are close enough for us to observe with the instruments available to us at this moment in time. The clue to his real meaning lies in the mention of the work of the two Cornell physicists, Morrison and Cocconi, who are committed to a belief not only in intelligent life near other stars but in a particular degree of intelligence.

IN sociable conversations on their home campus at Ithaca, N.Y., these two bold gentlemen had often philosophized with colleagues over the implications of life elsewhere in the cosmos. There was nothing particularly remarkable in that alone. Countless other scientists at other schools had engaged in such talks for years. What set Professors Morrison and Cocconi apart was that they had thought their philosophy through, applied it specifically to the physical theories and to the state of the art of instrumentation of the immediate present, and emerged with a course of action. Furthermore, they had written out their conclusions and mailed them to the English journal which by long tradition is the channel of scientific communication *par excellence*. The editors of *Nature* had been sufficiently impressed by this closely reasoned paper to publish the speculations in September 1959.

Lacking any theory from which to derive "a reliable estimate of the probabilities of (1) planet formation, (2) origin of life, (3) evolution of societies possessing advanced scientific capabilities," the Cornell savants fell back on their own earthly environment and found that it "suggests that stars of the main sequence with a lifetime of many billions of years can possess planets, that of a small set of such planets two (Earth and very probably Mars) support life, that life on one such planet includes a society recently capable of considerable scientific investigation." Although not enough is yet known about such societies to calculate their lifetimes, Morrison and Cocconi felt it would be "unwarranted to deny that among such societies some might maintain themselves for times very long compared to the time of human history, perhaps for times comparable with geological time."

"It follows, then," they declared—in a passage that someday may rank in significance equally with if not superior to the letter to *Nature* in which Otto Hahn and Lise Meitner announced the opening of the Atomic Age—that "near some star rather like the Sun, there are civilizations with scientific interests and with technical possibilities much greater than those now available to us."

"To the beings of such a society," the Cornellians' paper continued, "our Sun must appear as a likely site for

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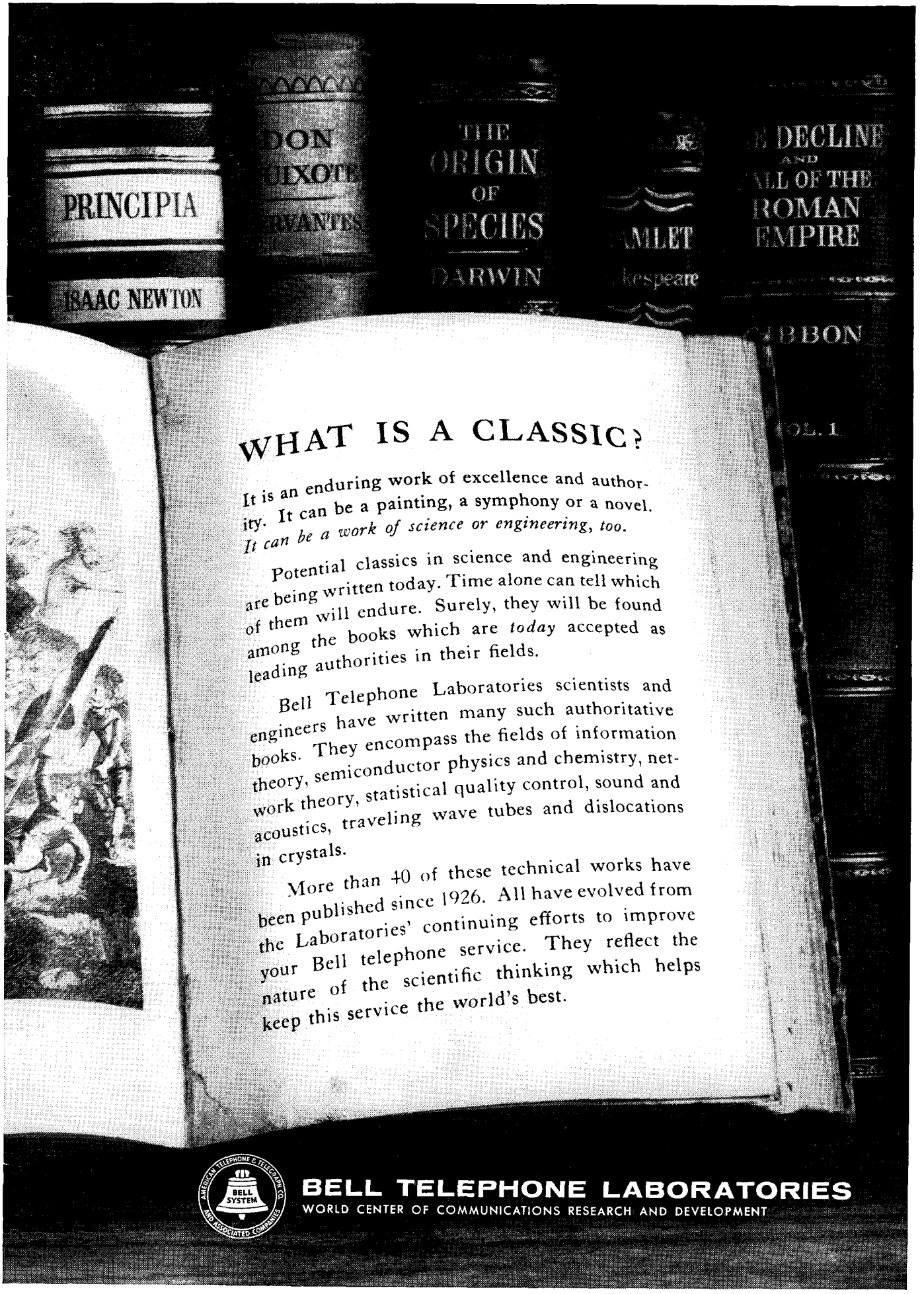

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the evolution of a new society. It is highly probable that for a long time they will have been expecting the development of science near the Sun. We shall assume that long ago they established a channel of communication that would one day become known to us, and that they look forward patiently to the answering signals from the Sun which would make known to them that a new society has entered the community of intelligence."

WITH their major assumption out of the way, the two intellectual explorers got down to practicalities. If other beings were trying to reach us through some channel, "What sort of a channel would it be?"

"As far as we know," only electromagnetic waves could carry messages dependably across the vast sea of electricity in which Earth floats. Since these curious neighbors of ours are expecting "to find a newly-evolved society," they surely will use a channel "that places a minimum burden" on our ingenuity. Moreover, they are certainly aware of the tricks an atmosphere like ours can play, and are taking that into account in their efforts to reach us. Consequently, they have scrapped all radio frequencies below one megacycle and above 30,000 megacycles.

Message transmission in the spectrum between 10,000 and 30,000 megacycles requires either very great power or very complicated techniques, and our neighbors may or may not be that far ahead of us. Altogether, it seems much more reasonable to expect the messages somewhere between 1-10,000 megacycles.

If, within that band, we had to choose one wavelength with a better chance than any of the others *to reach its destination and to attract attention there,* what would the wavelength be? Any astronomer on Earth would say, "Why, 1420 megacycles, of course!" That's the characteristic radio emission line of neutral hydrogen. Hydrogen being the most plentiful element beyond the Earth, our neighbors would expect it to be looked for even by tyros in radioastronomy.

So much for the channel. What would the message be?

The signal that Morrison and Cocconi expect is a pulse "with a speed not very fast or very slow compared to a second." They think it is "likely to continue for a time measured in years, since no answer can return in any case for some ten years. It will then repeat, from the beginning. Possibly it will contain different types of signals alternating throughout the years. For indisputable identification as an artificial signal, one signal might contain, for example, a sequence of small prime numbers of pulses, or simple arithmetical sums."

Whatever planet these neighbors of ours inhabit (the Cornell professors who have clothed them in such detailed reality assume) is dotted with space beacons in the same way that the American continent is marked by light and radio signals to guide airplanes. "Are you there?" broadcasts are "beaming towards all the Sun-like stars in its galactic neighborhood. The support of, say, 100 different beams of the kind we have described does not seem an impossible burden on a society more advanced than our own. Upon detecting one signal, even we would quickly establish many search beams. We can then hope to see a beam toward us from any suitable star within some tens of light years."

In what direction, then, should we look first for the neighbors who are hoping for word from us?

"The first effort," Morrison and Cocconi proposed, "should be devoted to examining the closest likely stars. Among the stars within fifteen light years, seven have luminosity and lifetime similar to those of our Sun. . . . They are *Tau Ceti, Omicron-Two Eridani, Epsilon Eridani, Epsilon Indi, Alpha Centauri, 70 Ophiuchi and 61 Cygni.*"

LONG before *Nature* published this historic report, work had been done at the Sproul Observatory of Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania that would help to dramatize the words for laymen. Swarthmore is a child of the Society of Friends, and the Friends have always taken their women seriously. One of these women, the late Dr. Susan J. Cunningham, founded the observatory which since has been supplanted by the larger Sproul institution. From the time it went to work in 1912, Sproul's big telescope has been aimed principally at the very nearest stars, and especially at those stars within sixteen light-years of the Sun. Up to now, the known number of these luminaries is fifty-six. Of them only three—Sirius, Altair and Procyn—are brighter than the Sun. Twenty are twinned, six are tripletted, leaving thirty-one apparently single bodies which Sproul staffers, far ahead of most astronomers, have long studied for signs of small, invisible companions, possibly planets.

In the Sproul lecture room is a plastic model of the sixteen light-year neighborhood, designed and built by a research associate, Miss Sarah Lee Lippincott (see opposite page). In this model she suspended stars by fine nylon threads in the way they would be seen by someone looking toward the Sun from the constellation Pegasus, which in these winter months hangs high in the southern sky, looking more like a huge square than like a flying horse. According to Sproul's sky pictures, 70 Ophiuchi is more than sixteen light years distant from the Sun, hence is not included in Miss Lippincott's model. But the other six Sun-like stars mentioned by Morrison and Cocconi are there.

A THIRD party was also ready and waiting for the Morrison-Cocconi study when it appeared in *Nature*. He was Frank B. Drake, a member of the staff at Dr. Struve's National Radioastronomy Observatory.

Dr. Drake, too, had been fascinated by the prospect of other-than-earthly intelligence for many years. Every now and again he had run through some simple calculations on the mathematical possibilities of communication. His results were always negative for always the same reason: available instruments of detection were not yet capable of finding anything meaningful that might be out there. But in the last year, tremendous advances in instrumentation had occurred. And along about March of 1959 he repeated the equations to see how the newest data fit. At last the answer was positive!

Without even considering the best devices available, it was plain that he could use the present 85-foot radiotelescope at Green Bank (masthead photo, page 39) to detect signals beamed into space from any star within 8.6 light years. This is twice as far as Alpha Centauri, our nearest star-neighbor.

In the latest issue of *Sky and Telescope*, a journal of popular astronomy that reached its subscribers only a few days ago, Dr. Drake broke his formula down to a rule of thumb. "When our receiving antenna is a parabolic reflector," he explained, "the distance in light years at which strong present-day transmitters can be detected is about equal to the diameter in feet of the antenna divided by ten."

The reach of the 85-foot telescope is, thus, 8.6 light years. The 600-foot receiver now being built by the United States Navy will pick up messages 60 light years away. The 1,000-foot bowl being planned by Cornell for the Puerto Rican hills north of Ponce will "hear" across 100 light years, within which region there are "something like 10,000 stars."

"It is very difficult to estimate how many of those stars may be supporting intelligent civilizations as advanced as ours," he wrote, and then went on to give an unusually clear elucidation of why any life is thought to exist outside the Earth:

"For many years it was felt that the formation of the solar system was the

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result of a chance collision between two stars, or some other unlikely event. . . . In recent times, however, it has become more and more clear that the formation of a second body or bodies is an essential part of the formation of a star. Without the second bodies to 'hang on to' by means of a magnetic field [in the case of the Sun, these bodies apparently are the giant planets, Jupiter and Saturn] the star would spin so fast as to destroy itself. From recent theoretical studies, then, it seems . . . probable that at least a few percent of all stars are accompanied by planets."

Life of any kind on these planets would depend on temperature. Intelligent life would be limited to planets with steady temperatures over the billions of years apparently required to evolve a brain from a smart molecule. Since the age of the Sun seems to be about the average of all the stars we know, "it is probable that throughout the galaxy there are scattered civilizations more advanced, at the same level, and less developed than ours."

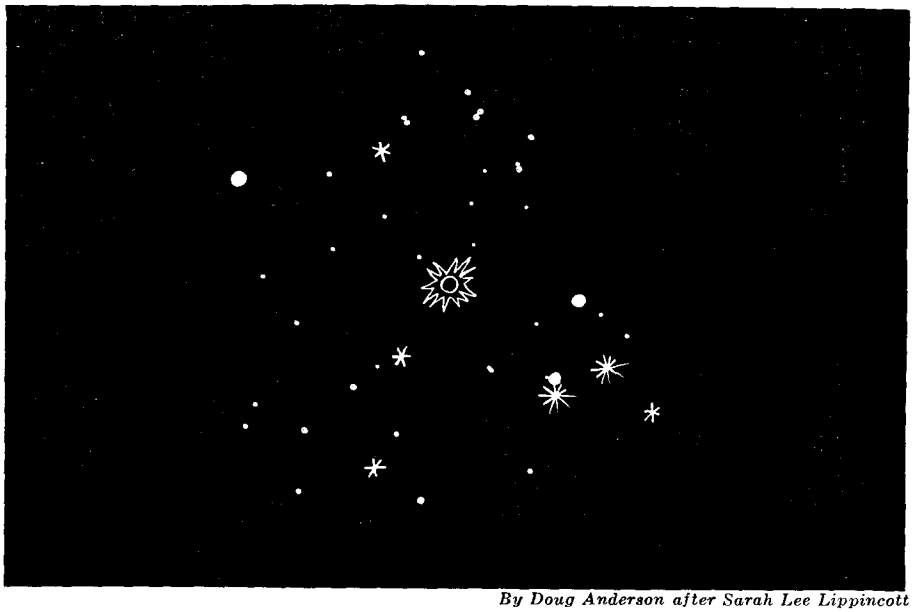
Here a new complication enters the problem. Since radio is the only type of message that would carry across interstellar distances, and since we discovered radio only a hundred years ago, none of our possible neighbors who are only as far along in civilization as we are have any chance of establishing contact. Consequently, whatever signals we look for have a far better chance of coming from our superiors than from our equals.

"Project Ozma" is, therefore, the name of the experiment that Dr. Drake has been preparing ever since completion of his calculations last March. "Ozma" was the Queen in the Land of Oz books that the late L. Frank Baum wrote about a strange place far off and hard to get to. At 29, Frank Drake is still young enough to remember that Oz holds a special enchantment for children. And he considers himself intellectually a child in the face of the other beings he will open the search for with the Green Bank radiotelescope sometime in the spring of the new year 1960—perhaps as early as March, maybe as late as May or June, depending on completion of the final tests of the crucial element in his instrumentation.

Tau Ceti and *Epsilon Eridani* (see sky map, right) will be the first objects of the watch, which may last for centuries. With youthful honesty, Dr. Drake is not going to look for beacons—only for signs of messages our neighbors are sending to each other. He isn't at all sure they don't know all about us, already, and prefer to let us stew in our own juice.

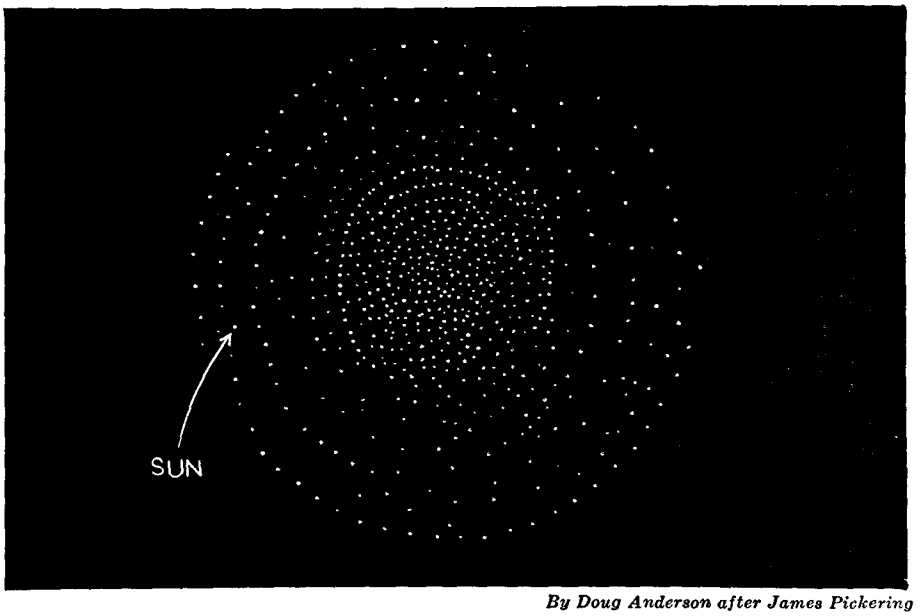
—John Lear,
Science Editor.

Our Solar Neighborhood



By Doug Anderson after Sarah Lee Lippincott

Sixteen light-year neighborhood (above) and (below) the Milky Way.



By Doug Anderson after James Pickering

MOST PROMISING NEARBY LOCATIONS FOR INTELLIGENT NEIGHBORS on planets of other stars are indicated by ten-pointed sparklers in the upper sketch: *Tau Ceti* (left) and *Epsilon Eridani* (right), nearest virtual twins of the Sun, eleven light-years (11 x 6,000,000,000,000 miles) away. Since NRAO's eighty-five-foot radiotelescope at Green Bank normally can "hear" across only eight and a half light-years, signs of life near *Tau Ceti* and *Epsilon Eridani* will be detectable only if power of instruments used by inhabitants there is greater than our own. Statistical chances are low, but possibility is present; anyhow, astronomers are confident life exists at many places, and search must begin somewhere. Specially designed receiver, costing only $8,000 (a dime-store item in modern astronomy) will listen in split second alternation to chosen star, then to space immediately beside star. Any difference noticeable in the space may be our neighbors.

The fifty-six stars known to be located within sixteen light-years of the Sun (exaggerated blazer in center) are all included in the top sketch, adapted from photograph of model designed by Miss Sarah Lee Lippincott, of Sproul Observatory, whose staffers have specialized for years in study of very nearest stars. Only three of the fifty-six—Sirius, Altair, Procyn—are brighter than the Sun. Twenty are twinned, six are tripleted, thirty-one are apparently single bodies with assumed invisible companions, possibly planets. After *Tau Ceti* and *Epsilon Eridani*, six-pointed sparklers are most Sun-like: 61 Cygni (above the Sun, left), Alpha Centauri (just below the Sun, left), Epsilon Indi (far below the Sun, left) and *Omicron-Two Eridani* (below the Sun, far right). Two-dimensional sketch distorts three-dimensional reality. *Alpha Centauri*, for example, is actually Sun's closest neighbor.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

SALTED AWAY

WHILE EVERYONE WHO READS the article ("The Boy Who Learned to Grow Salt," SR/Research Dec. 12) by Vincent Schaefer, will certainly understand the spirit in which it is written, I think you will receive considerable comment from your readers concerning the statement that "so far as I know, man has never been able to grow salt like this before." The method of growing salt crystals on the outside of a permeable bag containing a saturated solution of the salt has been known for at least several decades. Here are two recent references which give photographs and a bibliography of the older literature:

(1) "Growth and Properties of 'Whiskers'", by S. S. Brenner, General Electric Research Laboratory, Schenectady, N.Y. Article appeared in *Science*, Volume 128, page 569 (September 12, 1958). Figure 6 in this article is very similar to the figure shown on page 52 of the *Saturday Review*.

(2) "Growth of Crystal Whiskers," by F. R. N. Nabarro and P. J. Jackson, an article which appeared in *Growth and Perfection of Crystals*, Proceedings of an International Conference on Crystal Growth held at Cooperstown, N.Y. on August 26-27, 1958. On page 66 Figure 76 is entitled "Sodium chloride whiskers growing from collodion bag."

I would like to say in conclusion that Mr. Schaefer in this particular case shares with all of us the impossible task of keeping up with the literature of science.

HAROLD P. STEPHENSON,
Associate Professor,
Duke University

Durham, N.C.

EVOLUTION: PAST AND FUTURE

YOUR ARTICLE, called "The Book That Made Man Timeless: Origin of Species," (SR/Research, Nov. 14) is the most exciting thing I have read for a long time. . . . I am a librarian in the hospitals and the subject of the spirit or that unknown that is being, life energy or whatever one wishes to call it, enters into the life of a librarian working with patients.

ETHELWYN DYER.

Excelsior, Minn.

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE excellent section on the 100th anniversary of Darwin. . . . The paper you mention by Dr. Polak sounds like it is well worth reading in full . . . SR is doing a magnificent job of uniting science with the arts.

GEORGE GARROTT.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

AS A WOULD-BE "bio-philosopher" I applaud the intentions of the *Saturday Review* in reporting on the status of evolution theory. My experience in the preparation of the Darwin Centennial program at the University of Chicago, however, leads me to criticize the perspective of science editor John Lear. His mischief is compounded by references to the mystical and mystifying treatise by F. L. Polak, which runs against the grain of thought of most (if not all) of his colleagues meeting in Chicago. Polak's preoccupation with teleological analyses leaves him trailing behind modern biologists who have shaken off their Aristotelian hangover. . . .

Lear suggests that "counter-evolutionary" forces threaten the spiritual progress of Western culture. His colleague at Chicago, H. J. Muller, the Nobel laureate and geneticist, identifies this dangerous trend as the product of an altruistic ideology and a decreased death rate throughout the world. Man's success has killed evolutionary principles of selection of the fittest. Evolution is essentially amoral. Mr. Lear must recognize that the evolution of national and religious institutions proceeds by use of conquest and repression. Perhaps we should dismiss this unfortunate jargon about "evolution of new values" and admit that we do not have to depend upon the hazardous course of evolution to achieve a humane existence which lies within the horizon of our own initiative.

DAVID J. INGLE,
Physiology Department,
University of Chicago

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The evolution of science also has been marked by conquests and repressions. Polak should not be dismissed merely because his view is a minority view. What the Science Editor intended to suggest about Polak was that he might be accepted as a modern successor to Asa Gray, the first great bridge-builder between Charles Darwin's science and the religious opposition of his time.*

ALTHOUGH I HAVE differed from you in the past on specific subjects, I have always felt that the SR/Research Department is one of the best general science publications today. I think you are to be particularly congratulated on the series of articles on evolution. Would it be possible, at a future date, to have Dean Samuel Miller elaborate his thoughts on the evolutionary effect of science on religion?

T. S. CARSWELL.

Chestertown, Md.

IN HIS ARTICLE ON evolution John Lear seems to accept without question Dr. Riddle's most unscientific dogma that Russia is right in holding religion to be outmoded by science, and concludes that "The issue today is not religion but freedom" for the responsible individual." But freedom for man is impossible unless the most fundamental religious principles are true. Without a nonmaterial soul, man would be a mere machine, completely determined by material forces, so how could he be free? Refusal to face all the facts in this respect is an example of the schizophrenia of "modern" thought.

LAWRENCE BURNS.

Swampscott, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What Dr. Oscar Riddle actually said was that religious organizations should not be allowed to stifle the teaching of established scientific truth in the public schools. The Constitution of the United States says the same thing in different words.*

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

HIS

Once a God,

THE BEAR is the most misjudged of all the animals with which man has much to do. . . . Everybody knows Old Bruin of the picture books; every child once owned a Teddy bear; older folk remember the dancing bears of the gypsies. The picture created by toys, literature, and art, which has established itself in the brains of most visitors to the zoo, seems completely confirmed by the behavior and attitude to life of the prisoner with brown, black, and white fur. . . . Reports about his ruthless violence when he is hunting in the wilds, the assertion that he can even overcome an elk, sound incredible when one looks at this grotesque, panhandling, clumsy lout, who to the casual zoo visitor will never be anything but Bruin, the good-natured, decent old bear. . . .

Even zoo experts often misjudge the bear, though in a different way from the general public. Almost every keeper, asked to name the most dangerous and untrustworthy inmate, will nominate Bruin. Animal specialists talk about his temperament, which often gets above boiling point. On a percentage basis, bears have caused more accidents in zoos than all other animals put together. Constantly on guard even against bear cubs, the keeper doesn't believe in the bear as a comedian; he is convinced that Bruin is at heart an irascible, uncouth, treacherous fellow. . . .

If one watches hundreds of bears, friendly and cross ones, sluggish and aggressive ones, going through their begging routines or their mating play or taking care of their cubs, one finds that in all these different situations their facial expression remains the same. Even the amateur naturalist can read the mood of the big cats, wolves, and hyenas in their eyes and foreheads. The bear's skull, however, is so thickly covered with fur that feelings such as ill-humor or animosity, which every animal is subject to, are not shown in changes of expression.

The bear [consequently] cannot give warning . . . and this is one of the keys to his personality. Bears often get into loud, growling scuffles, show their

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WORSHIP, THE BEAR

Sometimes a Clown, Always Alone

—*Wide World.*

Pagliacci on wheels.

teeth and threaten each other with their claws, but all this may be nothing but a perfectly good-tempered invitation to a romp. Yet the next moment, while they are apparently lying peacefully in the bear pit, all of a sudden they fall upon the unsuspecting victim with surprising quiet—their usual method of hunting and fighting . . . Bruin's rapid changes of mood are no proof of his unreliable character but simply show that we are incapable of judging and interpreting his temper.

THE most easily trainable animals are the gregarious ones and those that live in packs. Big cats and elephants, dogs and monkeys, horses and camels are therefore the stars of animal acts. During their training the trainer takes the place of the herd leader, and they voluntarily submit to him just as they conform to the discipline of the herd in the wild. Lone travelers like the bear, however, are used to independence in their wild state. They are personalities, not cells or members of a herd, and therefore they can never be completely subjugated by man.

The gregarious polar bear is an exception in the matter of training, but he happens to be the most stupid member of the tribe. The Himalayan black bears and Malayan bears, which also live in family groups, usually refuse to stay in their place, tease each other into snapping, engage in all kinds of nonsense behind the trainer's back, regularly forget their role halfway through the show, thinking up new tricks to supplement their old ones. The brown bear has a strong individual consciousness. He is really far superior in intelligence to the more tractable lions and tigers and he is in the habit of improvising continually instead of imitating. In a mixed group he is the biggest disturber of the peace. Sly, willful, independent, and inventive—with a thousand tricks up his sleeve—he often strains the exhibitor's nerves to the breaking point. The grizzly, the Alaskan brown bear, and the sloth bear will scarcely tolerate the whip or the training stick.

The key to Bruin's character lies not only in the realization that he has no facial expressions but also in some acquaintance with his way of life. He is part of his surroundings, only to be understood if one tracks him and watches him in the wild. Except, again, for the polar bear, these dark furry creatures always live in pathless forests and mountains. There, the bears hunt solitarily, each one for himself, and feed solitarily, too. They have no fixed method of hunting; they must be always inventing and improvising—good at climbing as well as swimming, at burrowing as well as at stalking their prey. Creatures like this automatically become eccentrics and lone travelers, suspicious of everything strange, jealously guarding their territory.

To the wolf and the big cats, captivity means not only confinement but also liberation from the hardships of the struggle for existence. In a cage they no longer need to pursue and stalk to satisfy their hunger. They get used to man, who becomes a new herd leader to some of them, to others at least a kind of head of the family, and they make him the center of their lives. But the bear remains what he always was. The bear pit becomes his den; it represents security and must be defended against every intruder.

IN the wilds the dark privacy of the den is hardly ever disturbed, because the bear sedulously avoids his fellows except at mating season. In the cage, on the other hand, he is constantly subject to intrusions and invasions—by the numerous scents that pervade the zoo, by unavoidable association with creatures of the same species and sex, and by man. The allegedly ferocious characteristics of the lone traveler are actually nothing but the impulse to guard the dark privacy of his den. What looks like clowning is the result of the bear's being so similar to man in build, but is no proof of his having become accustomed to man. Even the gypsies' dancing bear was never a domestic animal in any sense, but a bewildered, cleverly misused mental cripple.

The bear is, then, a hermit, consciously and by choice. This is why plans for mating him in captivity often turn out badly. Unless the two partners have got to know each other gradually, preferably from childhood on, so that they have slowly come to accept one another as belonging to the same world and having the right of admission to the den of the bear pit, the mating play may turn into a deadly blood bath.

Here, too, the bear is giving proof of his individuality. Out in the mountains and woods, he makes his choice far from his den, where an unwelcome suitor has plenty of room to get away. But anyone who approaches the den without having been chosen—even a bear of the opposite sex—is an intruder to be fought, overcome, and killed.

When we remove Bruin's mask, we realize that he is one of the most interesting creatures on earth. . . . Man has realized this repeatedly in the course of history. Bear worship and bear fetishes existed and still exist among several North American and Siberian peoples, notably the Ainu and Giliaks of Northeast Asia. Contact between bear and man was even close at the time of Neanderthal man. Primitive men and cave bears often shared a series of underground caves, and numerous finds have disclosed that Brother Bear was an integral part of the culture and religious development of Neanderthal man. The cave man lived on the meat and fat of his shaggy next-door neighbor, clothed himself in its fur, invented stone tools to kill it with—and at the same time worshipped it as a god.

—HERBERT WENDT.
in "The Road to Man,"
(Doubleday, $5.95)

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XLVI

PROFESSOR POLYMER OF POLYTECH

Dr. Herman Mark Has Grown So Many Giant Molecules It Is Hard to Tell Whether They Are Like Him or He Acts Like Them

—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PROFESSOR Herman Mark is an animated advertisement for his science. Anyone who watches him even for a short while can see a rhythmic alternation in his habits as regular as anything that happens in his laboratory retorts. A colleague pauses before the always open door of his office at the Polymer Research Institute and the Professor waves his arms excitedly, calling, "Good afternoon. How are you? Are you well, herr doctor professor?" The colleague enters, and the Professor's brow furrows in almost automatic concentration on the colleague's question. A graduate student happens along. He, too, is waved inside with "Hello, herr doctor professor." A few seconds later the Professor's voice drops to a whisper in patient explanation. Similarly, during parties at his home, the Professor's guests notice intermittent absences of their genial host. He slips into his study for ten or fifteen-minute snatches of work between cocktails. His life goes on like this even on his frequent travels. Before take-offs on plane flights, the Professor says warm goodbyes to his family at the airport. By the time the plane is in the air, he has pencil and sliderule in hand, writing a paper. Suddenly he stops, looks at his watch, stuffs a pillow behind his head, and falls instantaneously to sleep. By the time his companions can settle down to dozing, the Professor is awake and writing again. Back at the office, his three clerical assistants know from the dictation he sends them that the pattern continues unbroken. Interrupting a sober, thirty-page report at regular intervals, for instance, will be warm solicitations like "I hope you slept well, my dear super-secretary."

It is unclear whether Professor Mark borrowed this personal characteristic from the macromolecules he works with, or whether he recognized the trait in himself and applied it to the chemical bonding of the molecules. In either case, his investigations of giant combinations of atoms such as occur in cotton, wood, rubber, artificial fibers, plastics, and detergents have revealed a symmetrical structure of repetitive segments conceptually similar to the alternating bursts of energy by which his career proceeds.

Certainly the relationship could not have been more fittingly established in any other man. Scientifically speaking, Professor Mark grew up with the macromolecules. He has personally experienced so much of the history of polymer chemistry (polymer is just another word for macromolecule) that he is one of the few scientists who can write technical papers, including footnotes, without looking up the references.

There was, in fact, no such thing as polymer chemistry in the early '20s when Mark was a young researcher at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute near Berlin. Chemists then recognized two categories of organic substances. The first included soap, sugar, oil, and natural gas among others; these dissolved easily, had a low melting point, and behaved pretty much as chemistry textbooks said they should. The second category — including fibers, rubber, starch, cellulose, and the proteins— were comprised of the same elements (mostly carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen) and in roughly the same proportions as the first group of compounds, but behaved very differently. They had strength, resilience, elasticity, did not dissolve, and when heated became a gluey mess.

Some chemists were content to accept this apparent paradox. Others asked themselves what could explain the striking differences between the two kinds of stuff.

Herman Mark was among the questioners. Others were Emil Fischer, Kurt Meyer, and Hermann Staudinger in Germany, and W. A. Carothers in the United States. Staudinger made the first breakthrough (he received a belated Nobel Prize for it in 1953) by developing a theory of macromolecules. The theory said that the gooey, recalcitrant substances were made of giant molecules in which hundreds, often thousands, of atoms link up in a repeating pattern into very long chains. The chemical link was the same as the bond that held the small molecules together. What made the difference was the number of links. Sugar, for instance, is a chain of twelve carbon atoms, twenty-two hydrogen atoms, and ten oxygen atoms; cotton has approximately 15,000 carbon atoms, 32,000 hydrogen atoms, and 14,000 oxygen atoms. Organizationally, it is like the difference between a cat and an elephant.

STAUDINGER'S theory was only a theory until young Herman Mark took it into his head to follow a hunch. According to this intuition, a revolutionary new technique just then being developed by one of Mark's teachers, the physicist Max von Laue, might be the means of proving Staudinger's idea.

What von Laue had done was to shoot an X-ray beam through crystals. The molecules in the crystals diffracted the beams to form geometrical patterns. From the patterns it was possible to analyze the structure of the crystals.

Mark's immediate problem at that time was the analysis of hemp. He fired X-rays at the hemp and got fuzzy pictures of super-imposed circles of varying sizes in varying shades of gray. Were these the shadows of Staudinger's link? When other experiments on hemp and related cellulose substances showed that molecules of the type Mark's X-ray beams revealed had higher viscosity, slower diffusion, and faster sedimenta-

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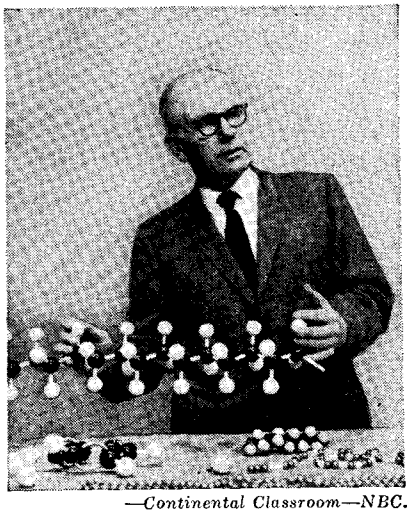

—*Continental Classroom—NBC.*

Prof. Herman Mark and protege.

tion, the chemical world accepted the existence of macromolecules.

At the age of thirty-one, Mark was already known as one of the bright young men of the new science of polymer chemistry. He caught the eye of Kurt Meyer, head of research for I. G. Farben, the huge German drug and dye trust. Meyer offered him an excellent salary (huge, in fact, to Mark and his pretty blond wife, Mimi, who had struggled through post-war inflation on a modest researcher's salary), a number of assistants, and a teaching position at a nearby engineering college (in case Mark felt guilty for leaving the academic world for the profits of industry).

FARBEN was interested in the possibility of man-made rivals for the natural polymers. Before he could create them, Mark had to learn more about Nature's process. He continued his earlier studies and found that fibers were made of regular molecules in orderly sequence, tars and resins of erratic molecules haphazardly put together, and rubber of a macromolecular chain connected with a springlike something.

Now how was he to reproduce these phenomena? He could not start with individual atoms as Nature did. But he had small molecules at his disposal. What would happen if he were to string together small molecules to make giant molecules? And what would he use for string?

A catalyst was plainly required to get the growing process started. By heating certain molecules, Mark split them into fragments, and discovered that the fragments—called free radicals—were the starters he wanted. Now he could begin to make synthetic chains.

The process was a simple cooking job, with the small molecules as links and the free radicals as linkage. Mark set the pot boiling, and waited to see what came out. The first really happy accident was polystyrene, a child of styrene and peroxide, in 1929. In the next three years, hundreds of polymers emerged from Mark's laboratory (by this time he was chief of Farben research). Among these were polyvinyl (now used for floor tile, records, and latex paint base), the polyacrylics (used for false teeth, airplane windows, brush handles), and the synthetic rubbers.

When the Nazis took power in 1932, Professor Mark, being half-Jewish, had to leave Germany. He took his wife and their two small sons, Hans and Peter, back to his native Austria. There he soon became head of the first Chemical Institute of the University of Vienna.

At that phase of polymer history, every new macromolecular product was a gamble. The chemists heated the cookers, threw in the raw stuff, and sat back to watch the outcome. The excitement of any chance game hung over the experiments. But business was business and depended on profits. What polymer chemistry dreamed of was a reliable recipe that could be used again and again to make things of dependable quality.

MARK set out to write the recipe. He ran hundreds of experiments in which he varied the cooking temperatures, the pressures, the ingredients, and the sequence of their introduction. Out of these came a jumble of graphs. And from the jumble rose a set of mathematical equations which today form the basis of polymer synthesis. The importance of these equations to polymer chemists everywhere has been best expressed by a Briton, Sir Eric Rideal, who once said, "There are no workers in the world in this field who at some point in their investigations are not indebted to his [Mark's] pioneering work."

Random synthesis of polymers became a thing of the past. Organized polymerization took its place. Chemists began to tailor-make synthetics. Since the early 1940s, the snags in this patterned mimicry of nature have been slowly but surely worked out to the point where millions who don't suspect the meaning of polymer are dependent for their daily living on "miracle" fabrics (dacron and orlon Mark helped develop as consultant to Du Pont chemists), polyethylene (fathered by another polymer pioneer, Giulio Natta, of the Polytechnic Institute of Milan), and the detergents.

Just as Professor Mark was formulating his now famous equations in 1938, German troops occupied Austria. The Professor was dismissed from his post. It was too late then to leave Vienna legally, but money for bribes and some ingenuity (including the purchase of platinum and its fabrication into four coat hangers, which sold for a thousand dollars apiece in Zurich) enabled the Mark family to cross the Atlantic and settle in Hawkesbury, a mill town near Montreal in Canada. There the Professor directed research for a subsidiary of the Canadian International Company. And from there, in 1940, he moved to the United States to become a consultant to Du Pont and professor of organic chemistry at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.

Although Jay Street in Brooklyn is very far from Austria, the seventh floor of Brooklyn Poly, which includes the chemistry department and its sub-division, the Polymer Research Institute which Mark founded, has the flavor and warmth of a Vienna cafe because of the man who runs the place. As the Professor strolls through the halls, in short-sleeved shirts even on winter's coldest days, often tieless, his full head of white hair bobbing up and down as he greets everyone he meets, it is hard for an onlooker to believe that this is the holder of six honorary degrees, the author of eight textbooks and more than 500 scientific articles, the editor of two scientific journals, and the consultant to enough businesses to command an income equal to that of a vice-president of a blue-chip corporation.

It is also hard to believe that the Professor is a grandfather (his two-year-old grandson, James, is the only man in the Mark family without a doctorate; sons Hans and Peter are both research physicists) going on sixty-five. He still plays singles tennis. He stopped skiing just three years ago. His energy is the envy of everyone who works with him, without in any way diminishing the endearment with which he is universally greeted: "Geheimrat," an untranslatable bit of German and Brooklyn Polynese.

NOW that so much of polymer synthesis has passed from basic research to molecular engineering, the talk in the halls increasingly involves the enormous macromolecules in man—the chromosomes which somehow govern life, and the proteins which through some exquisitely subtle and intricate process keep cells alive. What proteins are, structurally, and how they function are questions polymer chemists will take years to solve. But Professor Mark believes the ultimate answers may yield a completely new approach to drugs and to disease (for what is cancer but a polymer that has got out of control?).

"We are all macromolecular," is how the Professor puts it. But he is macromolecular in a very special sense. And why not? Isn't he Mr. Polymer of Polytech? —ROBERTA SILMAN.

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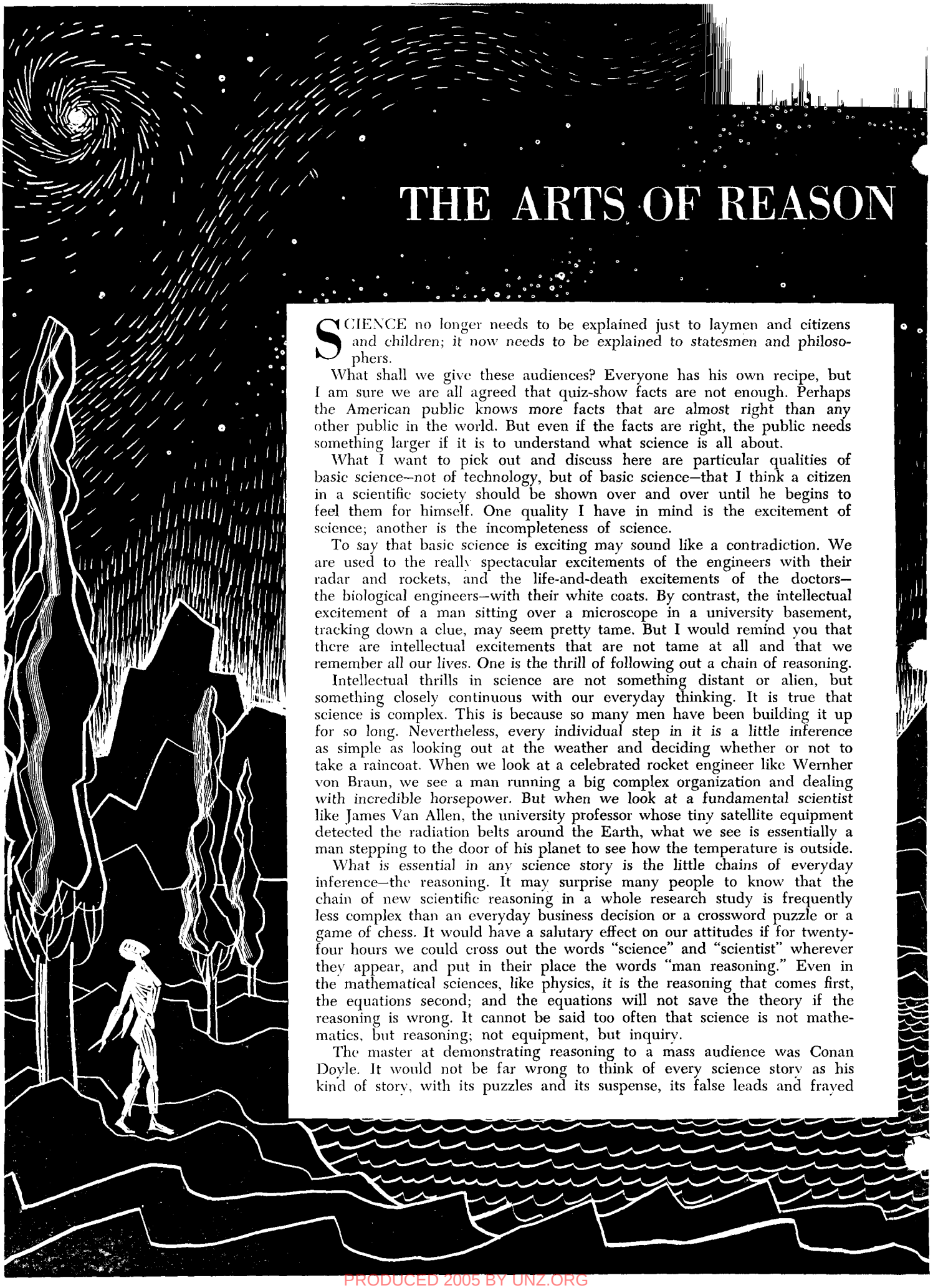

THE ARTS OF REASON

SCIENCE no longer needs to be explained just to laymen and citizens and children; it now needs to be explained to statesmen and philosophers.

What shall we give these audiences? Everyone has his own recipe, but I am sure we are all agreed that quiz-show facts are not enough. Perhaps the American public knows more facts that are almost right than any other public in the world. But even if the facts are right, the public needs something larger if it is to understand what science is all about.

What I want to pick out and discuss here are particular qualities of basic science—not of technology, but of basic science—that I think a citizen in a scientific society should be shown over and over until he begins to feel them for himself. One quality I have in mind is the excitement of science; another is the incompleteness of science.

To say that basic science is exciting may sound like a contradiction. We are used to the really spectacular excitements of the engineers with their radar and rockets, and the life-and-death excitements of the doctors—the biological engineers—with their white coats. By contrast, the intellectual excitement of a man sitting over a microscope in a university basement, tracking down a clue, may seem pretty tame. But I would remind you that there are intellectual excitements that are not tame at all and that we remember all our lives. One is the thrill of following out a chain of reasoning.

Intellectual thrills in science are not something distant or alien, but something closely continuous with our everyday thinking. It is true that science is complex. This is because so many men have been building it up for so long. Nevertheless, every individual step in it is a little inference as simple as looking out at the weather and deciding whether or not to take a raincoat. When we look at a celebrated rocket engineer like Wernher von Braun, we see a man running a big complex organization and dealing with incredible horsepower. But when we look at a fundamental scientist like James Van Allen, the university professor whose tiny satellite equipment detected the radiation belts around the Earth, what we see is essentially a man stepping to the door of his planet to see how the temperature is outside.

What is essential in any science story is the little chains of everyday inference—the reasoning. It may surprise many people to know that the chain of new scientific reasoning in a whole research study is frequently less complex than an everyday business decision or a crossword puzzle or a game of chess. It would have a salutary effect on our attitudes if for twenty-four hours we could cross out the words "science" and "scientist" wherever they appear, and put in their place the words "man reasoning." Even in the mathematical sciences, like physics, it is the reasoning that comes first, the equations second; and the equations will not save the theory if the reasoning is wrong. It cannot be said too often that science is not mathematics, but reasoning; not equipment, but inquiry.

The master at demonstrating reasoning to a mass audience was Conan Doyle. It would not be far wrong to think of every science story as his kind of story, with its puzzles and its suspense, its false leads and frayed

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AND CRITICISM

By JOHN R. PLATT

tempers, and its brilliant Sherlock Holmeses and its half-brilliant Inspector Lestrades and its admiring Doctor Watsons. It is interesting to remember that Galileo used a very similar group of characters to explain his theories.

ALL science has gaps in it. The most familiar are the inevitable small gaps, the data that one could still go on taking, the unexamined minor assumptions or the unresolved questions. Most of these do not bother us, because we realize that a scientific age is an age of tentative conclusions and working rules that may well have to be changed later. Yet it is important for us to emphasize this incompleteness, especially to the young, because they have hopes and aspirations and they want an open-ended story, with something left for them to do when they finally take our places.

What is not so often realized is that science is incomplete in more serious ways, with gaps that scientists themselves, tied to their own narrow specialties, hardly realize the existence of. In some ways, for all its diversity, science is narrower now than it has ever been before. Few of the men who work on photosynthesis know anything about physics; few of the men who work on nervous tissue know any organic chemistry, few of the men who work on the brain have any understanding of the mind. There are exceptions. An Enrico Fermi or Edward Teller or Harold Urey can work on stars or nuclei or molecules, just as his fancy strikes him. A John von Neumann can work on quantum mechanics as well as the theory of games. A Percy Bridgman can work on solids as well as logic. But for every such man, there are hundreds who spend their lives repeating the kind of experiments they did for their Doctor's degree.

Even the intellectual leaders are blind to some fields. For over a century, some of the greatest physicists, Young and Maxwell and Helmholtz and Schrodinger, thought it of the greatest importance to study human visual perception. Today, I daresay not one of the twenty leading physicists in this country would have even a casual interest in this subject. Likewise, interest in the philosophy of physics has dropped almost to zero among the bright young men; yet this field may simply be waiting for a new Ernst Mach who will stir it up and pave the way for another revolution like relativity. And we have all noticed such blind spots in the more technical fields, where it has suddenly been discovered, for instance, how badly everyone has been neglecting oceanography, an area perhaps of central importance for our future food and resources.

I think these gaps cry out for reviewers and critics broadly trained and broadly read, who are competent to see what the neglected areas are and to encourage the young to go into them. A balanced and vigorous science requires a balanced and vigorous criticism. Science, like war, is too important to be left to the scientists. Intelligent outside evaluation is good for a department, it is good for a university, and it would be good for science itself. The incompleteness of science is a challenge to great criticism.

(University of Chicago physics Prof. John R. Platt first put these ideas to a Thomas Alva Edison Foundation science symposium.)

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Veterans Administration.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *In many directions, and into geographical areas heretofore notable for their lack of research initiative. Except for agricultural studies, the midwestern plains before World War II seemed almost barren of scientific curiosity. But technologies of battle taught new pursuits to young plainsmen, who loved the plains too well to find homes elsewhere. Today, for example, one of the far outposts of atomic medicine is in Omaha, Neb., at the home of the soldier's friend, the Veterans Administration Hospital. There a native of South Dakota's Sioux Falls, Dr. Richard E. Ogborn, is undertaking a five-year program of experiments that may start a revolution in diagnosis of disease. With him on this frontier of healing are medical scientists at the University of Nebraska, the Creighton School for Medicine, The University of Omaha, Duchesne College, and the College of St. Mary.*

RICHARD E. OGBORN
(Omaha VA Hospital)

THE BLOOD is a transportation system for many elements of nourishment and healing to the tissues of the body that require them. Finite measurement of normal variations of these elements and definition of the causes for deviation beyond the norms are necessities in the striving of medical research toward the physical and mental well-being of mankind.

Many pathological conditions have in the past been shown to be due to an overwhelming body burden of particular elements. In the disease known as acrodynia, for instance, a disproportionate amount of mercury condemns untreated infants to a uniformly poor prognosis for life. Plumbism, or lead poisoning, is another common pathological state; it causes the blood to absorb and retain too much iron. A paucity of cobalt in an organic compound within the body is the basic reason for pernicious anemia. And there is a marked decrease of zinc in the blood immediately after a heart attack.

Arsenic, copper, and manganese are three other chemical elements known to play an intimate role in disease. Their relative concentrations can be measured either in the blood or in the urine. Calcium, magnesium, potassium, and sodium are familiar constituents of the bloodstream and the balance among them can serve as clues to the causes of ill-being.

It would seem significant then to ascertain any abnormalities of the metabolism of whatever elements within the body could be possible etiological agents of disease states. Therefore a systematic search for normal levels of trace minerals is one of the top priority research projects assigned to a new atomic reactor that has been sunk into the ground beneath the Omaha Veterans Administration Hospital.

Activation analysis is the only means of determining the quantity of some of these elements to an accurate degree. By activation analysis is meant first the bombardment of a blood or urine or body tissue sample by neutrons within the reactor, followed by examination of the effect of this nuclear excitement on the sample.

Each element in the chemical table has its own characteristic radiation peak, which is visible to an appropriate instrument, the hundred-channel analyzer. This peak is as positive an identifier as is the color of the flame that results from burning of the same element, or the pattern of the whorls in the fingerprint of a person.

The extreme heat generated in the majority of currently available types of atomic reactors degrades biological specimens to such an extent that activation analysis in such reactors is impractical. The Omaha reactor (the Triga type) was designed and built by General Atomic, a corporate subsidiary of General Dynamics, to solve this problem. The rack into which the samples are introduced is so cooled as to hold temperatures between the freezing and boiling points of water. The rack rotates, providing places for forty specimens at one time, and rapid removal of the specimens is facilitated through a pneumatic tube.

Safety of personnel and environment is, of course, essential because of the hospital's proximity. And the uranium-zirconium hydride composition of the solid fuel elements in our Triga's twenty-foot-deep water-filled well ensure that the reactor will shut down automatically before any sudden, unexpected surge in reactivity can become dangerous.

Anywhere from two to ten elements in a biological specimen can be analyzed simultaneously by the nuclear radiation method. Infinitesimal amounts of each can be detected. Our research in this direction, although already seven years old, is still at too preliminary a stage to venture predictions or promises of any kind. But it is conceivable that the noticing of minute variations from the normal fluctuation of trace elements could lead to diagnosis of diseases at or near onset when treatment is most effective.

Another research objective of the Omaha VA medical reactor is neutron activation of tumor seeking drugs. The antibiotic, tetracycline, and related compounds, such as bromtetracycline and chlortetracycline, have been shown by Dr. D. P. Rall at Bethesda, Md., and Dr. J. F. McLeay at Creighton University in Omaha, to be selectively taken up by rapidly mitotic (dividing) cells, i.e., new bone growth and cancerous tumors. After the initial high level of tetracycline has been cleared from the plasma (in rats a matter of two to three hours—in humans six to twelve hours), the concentration of tetracycline in tumors remains roughly 100 times the equilibrium concentration found in blood. Time and experience may prove this to mean that a radioactive drug can be sent through the blood to destroy cancers from within without damaging other tissues enroute. Such a conclusion, however, is at least several years distant. At present, we must be content to explore the possibilities of "tagging" tetracycline lightly enough to use it as an innocent hunter of wild growths.

To this latter end, three researchers in the Radioisotope Laboratory of our hospital, Drs. A. L. Dunn and J. F. McLeay and Mr. C. D. Eskelson, have succeeded, after three years of work, in tagging a tetracycline compound with one and perhaps more radioactive iodine atoms.

The application of the nuclear reactor to the biological sciences is limited at this time only to the imagination of the scientists. This tool is an added measuring instrument. It also can produce radioactive isotopes for use in diagnosis, therapy, and research. Or it can activate pharmaceuticals, biologicals, and antibiotics so that their action in the body can be accurately traced and qualitatively measured.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1345

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Accessibility (3 wds.).	205 66 110 61 126 162 83 21 1 89 13
	55 8 44
B. In ancient Greece, a place for social gathering.	34 105 84 147 98 10
C. Anything which protects, as from a disease.	186 106 3 131 128 38 192 124 63
D. Completely saturated (4 wds.).	189 181 87 47 76 54 114 201 11 95 24
	18
E. A salmon about two years old, bet. a parr and a grilse.	96 149 164 43 19
F. Swiss poet, founder of "science" of physiognomy (1741-1801).	41 75 46 111 153 27 135
G. Members of the French Academy.	35 165 187 64 152 145 86 58 132
H. Chief food of the platypus.	197 160 207 67 166 73 171 104 190 57
I. Of whom one might reasonably expect to buy one's best hat (2 wds.).	33 74 194 97 196 182 12 173 159 163
J. Designating a land area which undergoes neither elevation nor depression.	99 127 26 91 81 30 2 198
K. Game bird of E U.S. and Canada (2 wds.).	79 174 16 150 72 15 129 199 136 31 28
	56
. Two epithets of "the Lamb" in William Blake's familiar poem (3 wds.).	130 68 176 103 7 36 184 161 5 69 117

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Extortionate tax on Christians in Turkey.	146 80 45 180 154 25
N. The late Grace Moore sang beautifully and successfully about one such in a movie (3 wds.).	109 51 156 142 65 200 170 120 17 60 193
O. Portia accuses Bassanio with how from him she had learned "to beg" ("Merchant of Venice"; 3 wds.).	133 101 20 134 77 177 32 169 53 140 92
	208 48
P. Explosive missile much used in modern warfare (2 wds.).	123 107 175 202 157 102 22 155 191 116 50
Q. Given name, husband of Mme. Defarge ("Tale of Two Cities").	90 179 119 4 6 141
R. Two things "of one date" in Shakespeare Sonnet No. 22 (3 wds.).	121 151 144 185 204 94 82 100 195 9 40
	178
S. Made fully accessible (2 wds.).	59 137 206 183 118 85 139 70 113 93
T. All garments except those which show.	115 88 39 188 172 203 158 167 23 49 138
	29
U. Actively swimming pelagic organisms.	112 78 71 122 148 14
V. Abnormal curvature of the fingernail.	37 52 125 168 143 42 108 62

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative lengths of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 A	2 J	3 C	4 Q		5 L	6 Q		7 L		8 A	9 R	10 B	11 D	12 I		13 A
14 U	15 K		16 K	17 N	18 D	19 E	20 O	21 A	22 P		23 T	24 D	25 M	26 J	27 F	28 K	
29 T	30 J	31 K	32 O	33 I	34 B	35 G	36 L	37 V		38 C	39 T	40 R	41 F	42 V		43 E	44 A
45 M	46 F	47 D		48 O	49 T	50 P	51 N	52 V		53 O	54 D	55 A	56 K	57 H		58 G	59 S
60 N	61 A	62 V		63 C	64 G	65 N	66 A	67 H	68 L		69 L	70 S	71 U	72 K		73 H	74 I
75 F	76 D	77 O	78 U	79 K		80 M	81 J	82 R	83 A	84 B		85 S	86 G	87 D	88 T		89 A
90 Q	91 J	92 O	93 S	94 R	95 D	96 E		97 I	98 B	99 J		100 R	101 O	102 P	103 L		104 H
105 B	106 C	107 P	108 V	109 N	110 A		111 F	112 U	113 S		114 D	115 T	116 P	117 L	118 S	119 Q	120 N
121 R		122 U	123 P	124 C		125 V	126 A	127 J	128 C	129 K		130 L	131 C	132 G	133 O		134 O
135 F	136 K	137 S	138 T		139 S	140 O	141 Q	142 N	143 V	144 R	145 G		146 M		147 B	148 U	149 E
150 K	151 R	152 G	153 F	154 M	155 P	156 N		157 P	158 T	159 I	160 H	161 L		162 A	163 I	164 E	165 G
	166 H	167 T	168 V	169 O		170 N	171 H	172 T	173 I	174 K	175 P	176 L		177 O	178 R	179 Q	180 M
181 D		182 I	183 S	184 L		185 R	186 C	187 G	188 T		189 D	190 H	191 P	192 C	193 N	194 I	
195 R	196 I	197 H		198 J	199 K	200 N	201 D	202 P		203 T	204 R	205 A	206 S	207 H	208 O		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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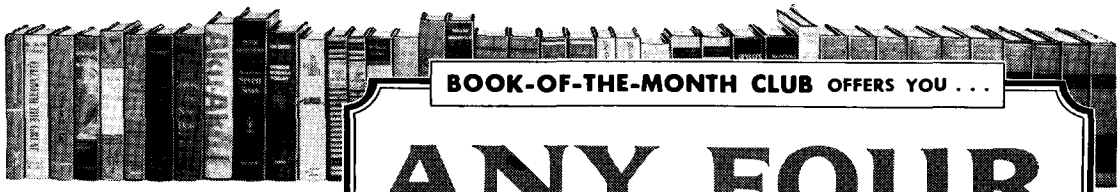

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